

Truely This Zine is The Son of God!

BWD



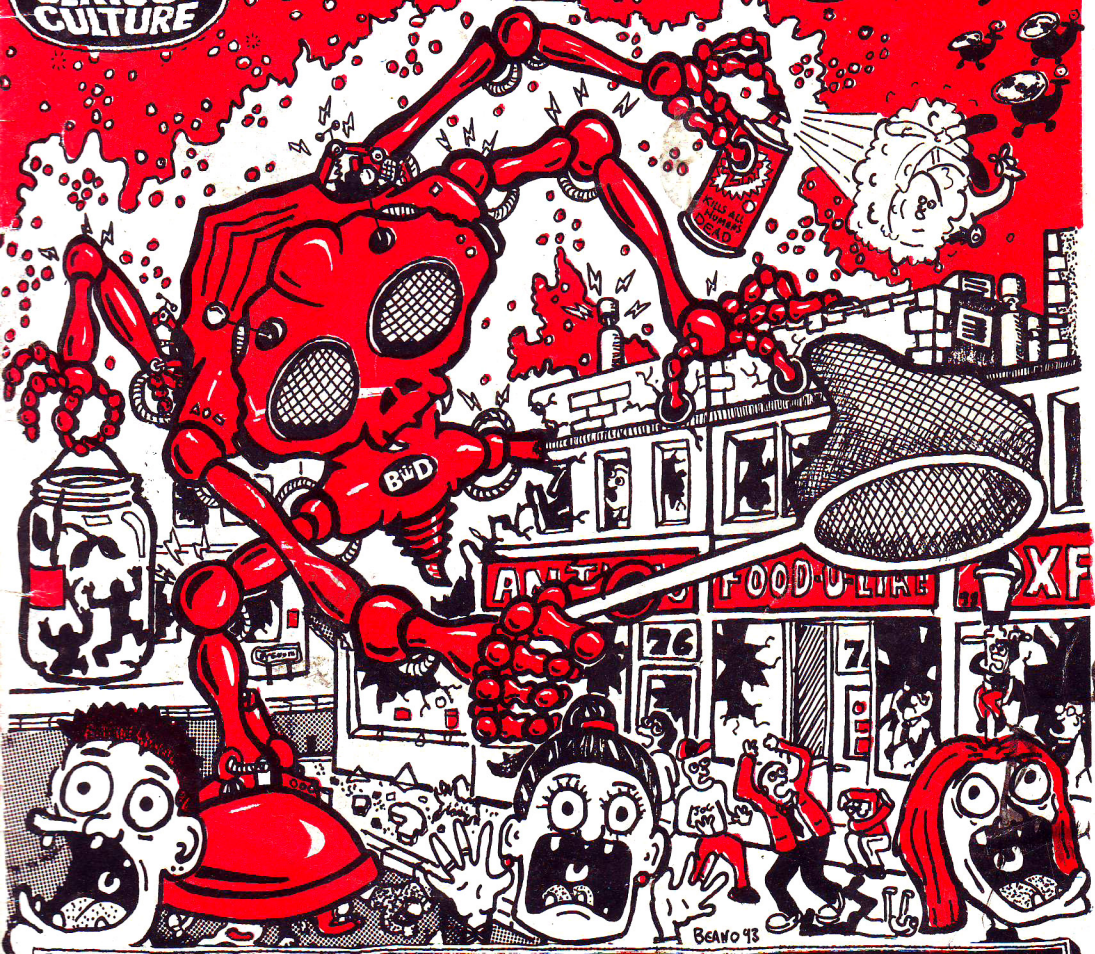
ADULTS ONLY

no. **3** 75p

IS TRUE! IS GOOD!

DEMOLISH
SERIOUS
CULTURE

BUGS AND DRUGS



ACTION! BEER! DEVASTATION AND GRUNT!

FISTS: FLY, BLOOD SPURTS, BONES SHATTER, AND BUILDINGS CRUMBLE

Bitten

BY

SELL BUGS & DRUGS TO UNSUSPECTING MUGS!



HUMILIATION IN SECONDS

PETROL, PONY,
OLD MANS CUFF,
I SUCCUMB
TO THE POWER
OF GODS NAYEL
FLUFFS

DO IT! DO IT! DO IT! Sell this plush pamphlet to friends, fools and Franciscan nuns! **HERE HOW.** Tell how many you require (10, 20, 30, 100 etc), we send them to you and **PAY THE POSTAGE**, you flog them quicker than scabies eating young rabbits flesh, you keep **25p** a copy and send us back **50p** a copy. It's so easy it's **STOOPID!**

SHOPS CAN SELL B&D TOO!

Get in touch with us for substantial discount on wholesale rates. Pile high, sell low! We also do snazzy deals on all t-shirts... All on sale or return madam... **SHE BATHED IN VIRGIN BLOOD TO STAY ETERNALLY YOUNG!** **HELLO! DIAL AN-ELV:57?**

LONDON DISTRIBUTORS & SHOPS

For dead cheap wholesale rates on ALL "Bugs & Drugs" items (this issue, back issues, shirts etc...) contact SHANE on 071.8371977 for quick delivery and such!



SPANNERS Who DONE IT

BEAR HACKENBUSH, BEANO BRAZDOV, SID DELICIOUS, REV. NORBERT UGLY, CHAOS - CHAOS UK, JO GO'N'BL0W, RICH HOLDEN, YAN AND ADAM (Go Die Corp), JOHN McLEAN, BOUNCER TRELAWN, JOSIE WHALES AND SISTER ROACH, JESS, AMERICAN JO... AND ANY BOD WE STOLE STUFF OFF.

ADVERTISE AMONGST OUR LUSH PAGES

Stick an ad in issue **FOUR** and **SHIFT** product. With a 7,500 print run **AT LEAST** you'd be pig blinded by cheap porn not to take advantage of our rates. **QUARTER PAGE-£12.00, HALF PAGE-£22.00, FULL PAGE-£47.00** The deadline is **FEBRUARY 20TH**. Print ready artwork is cool, but we'll reduce/enlarge if required. Say if you want your ad near any certain bit (Record Reviews, What'll It Be, etc...). Cheques and enquiries to **"C. WESTON"** at the usual address.

SUBSCRIPTIONS & OVERSEAS RATES

UK - £3.50 gets you the next **FOUR** issues dumped on your doormat by a hunchback, saving you literally... er... some money. **EUROPE** - one issue £1.00/4 I.R.C.'s/\$2.00, Four issue subscription £4.50/12 I.R.C.'s/\$9.00 **USA & CANADA** - One copy \$3.00, a four issue thing \$12.00. Airmail where needed, Cheques to **"C. WESTON"**. **Lick my docs!**

THE BUG!

OK! OK! Take that shotgun **OUT** of your mouth. get your fucking head **OUT** of the gas oven and **DUMP** those sleeping pills! We're back! At last! Fuelled up with more bite than a **RABID BADGER** and **DUMBER** than a box of rocks! Ready to grapple your senses 'til you beg for mercy! Determined to shake the stick of **SENSELESS** stupidity!! Committed to pushing ideas that could, potentially, have someone's **EYE** out!!! And **YES** there has been a 'slight' price increase. So what's 25p to you anyway? The price of a cup of **ANTHRAX** or perhaps part share of a fancy luminous condom?! So quit you **MOANING** and start thinking about jerking off to **Duran Duran** records.....

SONNA BUST TOUR BOTTOM HOME-BOY!



IT CRACKED IN PIECES... I FELT HATE, SORROW... LAST CHICKEN POT PIE!

Gun. Fist. Foot. Bollocks.

OK!! So all the usual horrendous cuntage is here for your consumption, don't forget we still crave contributions for the next issue, but please **NO FRIGGIN' POETRY!** Yak!! We'll eat donkey kebabs if we receive another "Ode to a Lost Sock" or whatever.... Bands keep them releases pouring in but don't expect no interviews cos **BUGS & DRUGS** is a "When-did-you-form-jive-ass-shit-blurk" free zone - save that verbal piss for **REAL** fanzines! **WHEN THE CARROT ARRIVES ...** Before we leg it off to shave some large men, there's a brand new **BUGS & DRUGS** t-shirt going spare to anyone who can tell us what film does the front cover cannibalised! Truly this 'zine is the son of God" come from? And who the bugger did say it?! Answer on the bonnet of a ten ton truck to the usual address... Keep them peeled for issue four in the early **NEW YEAR** and until then bang the head that does not bang!

THE BUGGERS AND DRUGGERS



TWO PINTS OF LAGER AND A PACKET OF POODLE SUITS PLEASE!

ON MARS THERE IS NO WORD FOR "FRIEND"

WHAT! DILATED PULS! SO THAT'S HOW IT IS! SEARCH HIM!

WHO IS MASTER OF ALL THINGS ROUND AND SHINY?!

THERE ARE TOO MANY NIPPLES NOW!

OUR ADDRESS! B&D, P.O. BOX 960, BRISTOL BS99 5QU

CREEPING, CRAWLING, FLESH-EATING

Reality: Looks like a vacuum bag

MOUTH « ON A « « STICK!



NO BELTS
NO PINS
NO PADS
NO ODD

WITH SGT. THROAT CANCER

BEND ME! TWIST ME! Stick me in a **BOOB TUBE** and put me through the spanking machine!! Fore-sooth and **FORESKIN** 'tis I, Sgt Throat Cancer! The man who makes **OBSCENE** phone calls to **SATAN** and **REVERSES THE CHARGES!** I'm back! Back from some idle beak crushing in God's own chicken

coup, for some more **DOOM BRAINED**, spittle covered, home spun **PHEE-LOSS-OH-PHI-SING!** And today's arc-welded rant-rattle-un-roll verbage is tuned in to.... toothpicks!

FUCK, FUCK AND DOUBLE FUCK WITH A CHERRY ON THE FUCKIN' TOP!! Don't let them little wooden critters just make you wanna scrawl

your telephone number on a public lavatory door and write **"I TAKE SIX INCHES"** underneath?! I mean... **HA! ME FOOL YOU!** Toothpicks is good! Some of my best amig's are **TOOTHPICKS!** Me regularly go out **DRINKING** with toothpicks, then go back to my house afterwards and beat off to cheap **PORN**



VIDEOS!! No, No, **NEIT!** No, hair shirt wearers, the double horned head of Sgt Throat Cancer is a-rolling with **WRATH** on the subject of "Alternative" indie-frigggin'-disco's and such Thursday night hokum! Let me paint the picture with my Mutant Ninja Turtle colouring set...

There you is, best drinking trousers on with a foxy young indie chick in tow. (Girls! Wipe the chick bit and stick in some Keanu Reeves lookalike OK?) You're at the local hop needing some jingle jangle thrills in an entirely hurrah-for-our-majesty mode

(Y'know Carter, Ride, all them flapheads) to get your partner all happied up so you can shoot home after and **RUT** like the depraved slime beasts you really is. And what happens?!! **"KILLING IN THE NAME OF..."**



EATIN' SCRAMBLED EGGS! OFF MARC BOLANS LEGS!

GREEN



PIECE



CRUSTY QUIM TRUMPET

GET YOUR HANDS OFF ME, YOU STINKIN' NORM!



IS THAT BAD?

YES, IT IS, ONCE YOU START UNZIPPING YOUR PANTS IN RESTAURANTS—



YES, IT IS, ONCE YOU START UNZIPPING YOUR PANTS IN RESTAURANTS—

That's what, by-the-blood-engorged-dick-of-Donald-Duck, happens! Then hordes of goatee bearded goons come wading onto the dancefloor like they was born n' bred in Downtown L.A. (instead of some pox hole in Sussex which is truth, and so!) thinking the very walls of authority will come tumbling down if they lungs **"MOTHERFUCKER!"** in a bargain based yank

red pubes need shaving

accnt!! And **BE-FUCKERY** it don't end there! Nine Inch Nails! Red Hot Chili Peppers! The funk crock continue! No limit! Pile on! Conclusion? Indie babe gets more bored than a dog that can't lick his own danglin' bits and storms off home to write a letter to "Guitars and Dr Martens are Fucking Spiffy Monthly!"

Planet of the Clocks

I mean, suck me up in the devil's vacuum cleaner for charity, but can a **MAN** not entertain a Wonderstuff lovin' she-cat without gettin' the mighty sword of **COCK ROCK** stuffed in his earage?! **SNARL!** **GNASH!** Calls for musical apartheid start, like **NOW!** Hmmk... **ITEM!** The "Four Non Blondes" are they not

A box of matches and three goats please.



ROVER THE SMOKING DOG is the newest Scientific Novelty that will fascinate you and your friends for hours. Just insert cigarette in his mouth and watch Rover puff away, he even blows Smoke Rings. Comes complete with pack of cigarettes. You get 2 for £1.00 postpaid. Write for Free Xmas Novelty Catalogue. **NOVELTY MART, 59 E. 8th St., New York 3, N. Y. Dept. 376**

tre' cool in a me-dig-today/me-in-deep-shame-for-liking-in-6-months-time kinda fashion. So into "Tunes-R-Us" you goes, proud and erect as a "Snickers" bar, to purchase the said acts' way wholesome debut LP and some snaffling little dip-shit know-all behind da counter say it don't come out on vinyl!!! Would I like it on CD? Argggkk! **HOLY**

FUCKIN' VERITABLE BASTIONS OF UNETHICALNESS BATMAN!! Do I look like I want

to stroll into "Richer Sounds" with my slacks round my ankles and declare "Sell me a CD player you frigger and then if you would'nt mind shoving this table leg up my anal column - no, please, no

lubricants thank you and then tattooing "Jackass" on my forehead, I'd be much obliged" Gads and plastic **TIT** monsters! **ME WANT VINYL!!** Is cheap! Tastes good Kapesch? And before you no-sell-out snivellers start mewling like beached dolphins, like a flying **PISS POPSICLE**, I care if all the hipster "under-ground" bands release their shit on 7" party-n'-puke coloured vinyl. Me need corporate rock on 12 inches

of stinkin' hot plastic!

Give me **RECORDS** or give me Billy Idol's fax number so's I can ask him round to implant a partridge-in-a-pear-tree in the crack of my **BUTT!** My rage knows no bounds. Go now, you suck and are quite stupid. **YRS SGT THROAT CANCER**



THE KIDS



HATE YOU

WE WANT CAKE AND THE
FINEST WINES AVAILABLE
TO HUMANITY, AND WE
WANT THEM NOW!



NEO NAZI



PRODUCT OF
UNITED GERMANY



SHE DID IT WHEN
PARALLEL TO THE PLANE
OF THE IMAGINARY HOOP

LITTLE PINK HEART-SHAPED
SLEEPING PILLS!

Looks just like a
big, round, pink
pill. Careful! The
body will be in a
state of "PANIC"
if you don't take
one "PANIC".

HEY BOY!
THERES
MOVERS,
SHAKERS AND
ARSE CAKE
BAKERS!!



Yuk I ate
wakin' up in a pool of
my own piss...

WE
CARE
MORE



★ **THE VELVET UNDERGROUND** for being burned out old po-faced druggies who've never written a decent catchy song.

★ **ANYONE** with webbed toes.

★ **DAMION FROM BLUR** Cos he looks like a stupid old mod whose trousers don't fit properly.

★ **ANYONE** that finds 'Garfield' cartoons even faintly amusing.

★ **KINGMAKER**: Don't they just look and sound like the sixth form band who were punished with at 'end of term' assemblies.

★ **PEOPLE** who've actually been to Euro Disney and then wear t-shirts saying "I've been to Euro Disney".

★ **THE SORT OF GIT** who, in communal changing rooms, insists on wandering around starkers for as long as possible.

★ **BJORK** simply for being named Bjork.

★ **ANY PERSON** who has sent off for one of those "Distinguished" porcelain figurines or celtic thimble collections that you see advertised in the back of Sunday supplements or gardening magazines.

★ **"STAR SECRET"** Dolly Parton wears a toupee. On her breasts!

★ **IN FACT** anyone for that matter who actually buys a gardening bloody fucking magazine.

★ **THE JESUS & MARY CHAIN** They're just miserable Scottish goths who should be forced at gunpoint to wear full clown's make-up and listen to "Take That" records.

★ **FLABBY OLD FOOLS** in posing pouches who play volleyball on crowded beaches.

★ **RIOT GIRLS** Cos they've all got stupid "bob" haircuts like them two posh ones off that "House of Elliot".

★ **COURTNEY LOVE** Cos she's got goggle eyes like one of those tacky gonks you win at a fair.

★ **HENRY ROLLINS** For performing a whole tour of airhead poetry and other such waffle, when he should be stage diving, fighting members of the audience and showing off his tattoos.

★ **NOT ONE**, not two, but the entire fucking Oxo family.

★ **STUDENTS** that pay for a bag of chips by cheque.

★ **THE SORT OF ARSE HEAD** who says "S'cuse me fingers!" when helping themselves to food.

★ **THAT SARAH CRACKNELL** out of St Etienne who's in every bloody magazine from Smash Hits to Gardener's Weekly, dressed up in bloody 60's jumble sale clothes and posing around with a spotty umbrella trying to hide the two ugly ones.

★ **FRENCH EXCHANGE STUDENTS** with their pastel clothes and those god awful back packs with a big stupid clock on the flap.

★ **THE ENTIRE JIM ROSE CIRCUS** for being a perky bunch of old victorian circus freaks.

★ **THE PEOPLE** who actually pay good money to see members of said circus lift weights with their willies and drink their own sick.

★ **THE SPIN DOCTORS**: 'Cos they're just crap old session musicians whose singer looks like a friggin' pixie.

★ **"PAPA" & "NICOLE"** from that TV car ad, cos they live in a bloody great mansion in France but still drive around in a poxy Renault.

★ **EVERYONE** who has ever appeared in one of those colour supplement "Day in the Life" feature things and blatantly lie about getting up at "4.15 every morning, because I simply can't stay in bed a moment longer."

★ **LATEX MOD NOSES**

★ **THE SORT** of complete cunt who names their kid

"Kylie" or "Elvis"

★ **KEITH FLOYD** for getting paid vast amounts of licence-payers money to go gallivanting off round the soddin' world and getting pissed right up in exotic locations.

★ **ANYONE** who actually owns a TV licence anyway.

★ **SMACKED BOTTOM**

★ **BONO FROM U2** for dressing up in those fucking silly clothes that are obviously made from old bin liners and carrying on like a demented old vicar all the time.

★ **RADIO CONTROLLED LEZBO**

★ **PEOPLE** who actually met their partners through "Dateline"

★ **THE SORT OF TOSSERS** who think they're really "it" just 'cos they own a grainy fifth-rate video copy of "Clockwork Orange" AND insist on watching it every Friday night after the pub.

★ **ALL THE PEOPLE** who got really excited about the Velvet Underground reforming.

SNAP TOGETHER PLASTIC TABLE TOP CRUCIFIXION KIT

PANIC
RATCH





Someone has just inserted an oily penis into my ear

- T**
OO
MUCH
HSEY
MAKERY

- **BLOODY WORLD TRAVELLERS** who loudly swap 'hilarious' stories about getting dysentery in Thailand when they're down the bloody pub.
 - **MR LOVER MAN SHABBA RANKS** and his Mr Whippy ice cream hair-do. **TEEN ANGUISH**
 - **ICCE CREAM VANS** that play "Greensleeves" to fast and too fucking loud.
 - **BRETT FROM SUEDE** Cos he talks like Norman Wisdom and he's got crap nipples.
 - **GOD** Cos he won't let pubs stay open all day on Sundays.
 - **POOLS WINNERS** who say the money won't change them, when in fact the lying sods will be in St Tropez sniffing cocaine off the chests of young models in six month's time.



CANNIBAL GIRLS



- **BEATRIX POTTER** For making small children endure mentally scarring performances of ballet dancers prancing around in weird costumes and overly large rodent heads.
- **P.J. HARVEY** for making crap rockabilly records and getting all her clothes out of the "Playschool" dressing up box.
- **ANYONE** with a tattoo of a cup of tea on their forearms.
- **BISCUITS** that cost less than 30p a packet.
- **AUSTRALIANS** who think they're really clever just 'cos they can sit on the beach in the middle of winter... And they wanna get rid of our Majesty.
- **MICK HUCKNALL** He's simply a cunt.

UNI SEX NIRVANA PANTS

- **ALL THOSE STUCK UP**, swishy haired girlies who blab on about their precious bloody skin on that fucking face cream advert, who deserve to be pinned down and given very poor quality facial tattoos.
- **PEOPLE** who wear clogs without a hint of shame.
- **OLD AGE PENSIONERS** Cos they spend all their money on mothballs, tinned stewing steak and Bingo.
- **EVAN** "Look at me I'm sexy and isn't my hair in wonderful condition" Dando from the Lemonheads.



This is a fish! spat Christ.

Round 'em up like cattle and have 'em shot like pigs. that's our motto!! Send in your venom filled nominations to the "KIDS HATE YOU" chart. the only chart with breath that stinks of mackerel custard!

Entries in by 31st December and post 'em to: "B&D. P.O. BOX 960. BRISTOL BS99 5QU"

The first three lucky entrants out of the bag will be chased around their garden by a sexy man.

I'm going to cut down a small loin-cloth tree darling.

A CRETINS GUIDE TO CONCERTS

BRANW

SERUM
OF SATAN

U-LIKE!

GIGS FOR LAUGHS! GIGS BE FUN! GIGS FOR THE PRICE OF A NICE STICKY BUN! Yes, live performances by thrusting young bleeders can sure be a hoot and a **HALF**. Loud music! Hair! Feedback! Slipping over in a puddle of Hoffmeister! It's all there and my god it smells of **SWEAT!** But the live band situation can be a living, breathing hell with a big squidgy head on it... just like Chris Tarrant! So to save all you buckaroos from a fate worse than waking up with an "Ed the Duck Anal Plug" fully

JUST A LOST A
SOCK IN THE
LUNDROMATE



inserted, "B&D" is proud to present the proper-as-a-posh-pair-of-tights guide to the concert going and all such McFuckery that's connected. Go to it, or forever have goat-like breath.

SOME THINGS TO TAKE WITH YOU

A ticket, money, some clothes.

SOME THINGS NOT TO TAKE

A portable four track recording studio, a pair of stilts, little bits of scalpel blade super glued underneath your fingernails, your "Fuck the Bouncers" t-shirt, some geese, your mum.

THAT BLEEDIN' GIG LINGO EXPLAINED

SOUNDHECK - The bit that keeps you standing outside while the band are onstage making crap "in" jokes and playing Iggy Pop and the Stooges cover versions.

ROADIE - Failed musician who walks about looking self-important and carries a stupid little torch on the end of a bit of fucking telephone cord.

Suck on that truckers massive tool

THE PIT - Place where you lose your earrings and some bongo-brain in a "Pop Will Eat Itself" t-shirt lands on your shoulders.

ENCORE - Break between songs where the group goes off stage, pretends to take drugs and then

IT'LL BE ALL PLAY IN YEAR 2000

comes back on when they hear as much as a cough and a fart coming from the audience.

YOU FAT BASTARD - An almost Noel-Cowardesque-in-wit content chant that is started up by the crowd as soon as the guitarist breaks a string.

TOUT - Honest, hard working chap with a wife and kids to support who will break your nose if you ask him to knock 50p off the price he's asking for a ticket.

SEVEN STEREOTYPES YOU ALWAYS SEE AT GIGS

★ **Crustie** old sod outside who begs money but never goes in 'cos they've fallen asleep drunk and wet themselves.

★ **Allegedly cool bloke** who stands at the bar all night, who's trousers are too tight and has a bald spot.

★ **Girl** who runs to the front as soon as the doors open and as soon as the band starts gets crushed to fuckery, starts to cry and is eventually taken away by the St John's Ambulance.

★ **Person** with short hair and crap tattoos who insists on doing some kind of poor quality "chicken dance" throughout the entire set.

AGGRAVATED PUNK STYLE GOAT

WILD BIKE RIDERS-VS- DUNE BUGGY BOYS!



Imagine the
horrible expression
on your friends faces
as their high goes
dribbling down their arms.

THE REMEDIAL
**DRIBBLE
WORKS**

HIDDEN 'NIGLES

4.95

YOU CAN LEARN TO BECOME TOTALLY USELESS

IN YOUR SPARE TIME WITH MY
BOLD NEW PLAN. STUDY IN
THE COMFORT OF YOUR OWN
HOME. SEND 25c TO:

BOX 2307,
PROV. R. I., 02906,
FOR ALL THE DETAILS



★ A group of ageing ex-punks in cheap leather jackets around at the back picking fault with everyone and comparing the band to some shitty assed group they saw ten years ago.

★ **Courting couple** who decide to have a shag in the only toilet cubicle that's not full to the brim with bog roll and empty vodka bottles.

★ **Overweight man** with carrier bag selling photocopied bits of paper with things about "Huggy Bear" written on them, who says "Go on, it's only £1.50 and you do get a free staple ha, ha, ha,..."

GIGS FOR FUCK ALL

★ **Phone up** the concert hall, saying you're from the local free advertiser rag and you want to do a whopping great feature on the venue. But you can

BLOOD DRINKINGCLOWN

WHY, SURE I KNOW WOT
A FUCKING BUTTSTEAK

EVERYONE SHOULD BE KILLED

only make it along tonight, so you "might as well" see the band as well. (Good one for mouthy gits)

★ Alternatively, find out the name of the local papers' poncey old rock "critic" as they're ALWAYS on the guest list. Use his name early on in the evening while the said hack is still down the pub being a disgusting old lush.

★ Swipe your big brother's "Led Zep World Tour 75" t-shirt, stuff a pillow down the front for a wobbly beer gut effect, then wipe yourself down with a greasy old sock, pour brown ale down your trousers and pass yourself off as a roadie.

★ Find out which pub the band are getting sloshed in before the show, swagger in looking mournful, saying "Well I used to go and see Blah, Blah, all the time when they played down at the "Dog & Cuttlefish" but **MAN!** The ticket prices now... not like the old days...moan, gripe..." Bands are complete suckers for pleasing long standing fans, will feel all guilty about "selling out" and will instantly give you a backstage pass so you can go and drink their beer and make a fool of yourself.

★ Stand outside grovelling for "spare change", get pissed off after you collect just 39p (and a greek coin). Beat up a small person and steal their ticket.

★ Leggit round and round the gig hall, find the toilet window, clamber through and get kicked out for being a filthy old man 'cos it's actually the girls loo.

REPENT! Quit Your JOB! SLACK OFF!



3 Songs: Forever / No Way / Shed Off The Pounds

3 Grooves

3 Little Pigs

'the best things come in threes' get '?' in record shops that care or send £2.65 (incl. p+p) to:

HERB GARDEN / 42 Records

P.O Box 48

82 Colston Street

Bristol Avon UK



send p. orders, IRCs, well hidden cash etc. (cheques to Herb Garden)

and don't forget your name and address!

vinyl for YOU on 42

distribution: Cargo / DS4A

strictly limited totally ordinary edition

*** COMING SOON ***

Look out for the new Herb Garden LP 'WMS DISASTER' to be released on WORDS OF WARNING Records

★ Gather together a group of ticketless and disgruntled punters, storm the doors shouting crap politico cliches and while the kids take a good hammering from the bouncers, sneak in and lose one million karma points.

Bollard-brain

★ Spot some bod flogging unofficial band merchandise outside, tell security (who'll proceed to chase him down the road with baseball bats), then get a pat on the head and a free entry for being a dirty little grass.

POINTY VAMPIRE SHOES

★ Start blubbing and crying in front of the queue outside until some member of the opposite sex takes pity on you and gives you a spare ticket (and a bit of the other if you're lucky).

★ If all else fails, phone up the venue saying you're a mad-as-a-brush ALF bomber and that you've planted an incendiary device in the building. You don't get to see the show, but neither does any other fucker. **You've had your arms amputated.**

So there it is gigsters. Cut it out, pin it to your fridge door or perhaps have it gift wrapped and send it to Sean Connery - but only when his pubes are in soft focus!!

Next issue we investigate the connection between your favourite Indie bands and cheap black "juggernaut sized" vibrators like you get in Ann Summers.

HERB GARDEN

OUT NOW!



I'LL TAKE A FUCKIN' DOZEN! KA-PESH!



New 7" Thingy

AVAILABLE NOW on 42 Records

(that's the name of the label, clever!)

I let two dozen slugs into him. Then, I lit a fag, kicked him in the heart a few times, and left.

'DAMN YOUR SPERM FOR! EVER, KERB CRAP!' said a fat head at the wheel of a bus.

HOW THE HECK TALL



used to wear to high school
☐ 5'10', but only when wearing the high heels and bouffant wig he used to wear to high school
☐ 5'10', but only when wearing the stiletto heels, bouffant wig, red lipstick, fishnet stockings, merry

A TURKEY OF A LAUGH

widow corset, "Fuck-me" mini skirt, blue eyeshadow and false lashes that he used to wear when he would skip high school and hang around hotels, calling travelling salesmen "sailor" and asking them for cigarettes
☐ Face it, the Fucker could be in "Time Bandits"

IS KURT ANYHOW?

"CONTOVERSY! WONDER! MASS BEFUDDLEMENT! TWELVE ON THE POUND STERLING! Gosh, what a thorny question!!! Various individuals have sworn on a pile of "Plain Truth" back issues that he's 5'8" big. We insists to the contrary! As always, majority decision must govern such shit, so we put it to you, the devoted **"BUGS & DRUGS"** readership! Just how lanky or squat is the Angry Young Throat???



FUCK THIS + FUCK THAT + FUCK POST
MINI POT AND HIS SLIMY LITTLE CAT!

THE JACKPOT
This is the pot that all the boys down at the W.C. house jack off into. Well, its just about full & we'll sell it to you for only 66p

00086 Jackpot

- ☐ About as tall as Danny Devito
- ☐ About as tall as Phil Collins
- ☐ About as tall as Phil Collins standing on Danny Devito's shoulders
- ☐ Shorter than the fiddle player from the Levellers
- ☐ Roughly equivalent in both height and girth to Keith Floyd
- ☐ Verily he doth brush the ceiling like one of those basketball players
- ☐ On par with Courtney
- ☐ 5'10', but only when wearing the high heels he



Well, hey tick a box and send in your guess. Kurt's gotta renew his drivers licence soon and the lads in a quandry about some of the particulars...
Next issue! Guess how many flies can be fitted into the bodily form of Kurt's mum, Ms Yoko Ono!!

"B&D" SHIRTS ON THE INSIDE BACK PAGE

NurseY
RhYmE
CORNER!

Nose-pick brain

a polite warning:
THIS HOUSE IS NOT A HOME!

"HOUSE OF CRAZIES"

LOOK AT THE LEGS THAT CREEP BUT THERE'S NO BODY

THE HOT-BLOODED BEAUTY IN THE COLD FREEZER

IT'S NOT EASY BREATHING IN A PAPER BAG, ESPECIALLY IF YOU'RE ONLY A HEAD

JUST LOOK AT THE WAY THEY'RE DYING... AT THE LIVING ROOM

THE DOCTOR MAKES HIS LAST HOUSE CALL

SEE THE LITTLE METAL MAN AND HIS BIG KNIFE



Old King Cole was a merry old soul
Covered in vinegar and brown paper.

Hickory, dickory dock,
The mouse ran up the clock,
The little dog laughed to see such fun,
And the dish ran away with a hard-on.



Jack and Jill went up the hill
And had ten thousand men.

EAT
PICKLED
BEARD

Polly put the kettle on
Polly put the kettle on
Polly put the kettle on
And then take it off and put some fucking clothes on, you bitch.

Ring-a-ring of roses
A pocket full of posies
A tissue, a tissue
We all fall down a big hole
That leads directly to hell
where we are all eaten by Satan and his fiery hordes.

Jack Spratt could eat no fat
His wife could eat not curds and whey
So along came a spider
And ran away with the dish
who still had a hard on
And they had ten thousand men as well.

Boy, am I a clown

YOU CAN'T say we haven't been patient about the amount of beer we get in our glasses

MRS. POTTS SCOOPS THE POT

WHERE FEAR AND VIOLENCE RAN THROUGH THE STREETS LIKE AN OPEN SEWER

the infinite wit of adam & yan.



'bin playin POO-balls?

THANK YOU FOR BANKING WITH US

That's the sound of the men working

Thought of the Day.

LO, and it came to pass that Zebedee turned to Alan & Said: Heretic, thou shalt be cast amongst the Screaching Goose-DOGS. Pass the Mace Elvis, my most frightening & deceitful friend, then commit the fool to his untimely demise. Bring forth the Mechanical men. Fear not their acute misproportions & flinch not from their sweet sweet melodies.

DAZ IV: 12-14

DERBY England

Tommy Johnson

HEY GUYS!

a startling fact:

At last, a connection between Hawkwind and corn has been discovered. Members of the band deny such allegations, but evidence suggests they regarded corn as a refreshing tonic during the seventies.

Enjoy your pint

THEY'RE HERE

YOU SHOULD BE HIDEOUSLY MAIMED

LAMBERT & BUTLER

HOME & GARDEN

Water houseplants with a 50-50 mixture of vinegar and strong glue to give leaves a healthy shine. Bags of household rubbish and old clothes make attractive garden ornaments. Polish woodwork with urine and purple dye to bring out the wood's natural grain. Don't waste money on window cleaner; coarse sandpaper does the job just as well, easier on the arms too!

a startling fact:

Historians have established that King Alfred and his fucking cakes were both employed by Adidas as sales reps for the Wessex area, but the cakes hid in amps.

revolutionary

THOUst roost Amid butter.

At times like this I'm proud to be British.

felt is fun!

GOD! & Soccer

legalise all drugs

John Travolta SPANKED BEAVER

Ahhh! A Profound Glee, induced by Urine of Willy tree

ANT ON A PANT

This policeman was wonderful. He had understanding and compassion and helped calm us both down.

KILL!!

DURR! TABLE FOR ONE, PLEASE!

Boss Hogg robot can keep hooligans out.

a startling fact:

Health wise, playing the keyboard is as much a hazard to oneself as smoking.

FOR SPOCK

© THE GO DIE CORPS

HEY! YOU TOO CAN ADVERTISE YOUR SHODDY PRODUCTS IN THIS MAG!!

CONTAINS BLEACH

My favourite film ever is the Pearl & Dean cinema adverts.

RAVAGED IN RUBBER

LOVELY



the Plebs
Write
Us things

LeTTUCE!



YES, MOORNFUL
IS THE MELODY
THAT ECHOS
IN THEIR HEAD
AND SO THEY
MARCH WITH
OUT A BEAT
BELIEVING
BACH IS
DEAD!!

ALL I KNOW IS
I NEED A DRINK

I'LL KILL
HER LATER

blindfolded!!! MORE, MORE, MORE, MORE, MORE (please). Anyway, s'far too much guzzling time being wasted on all this obsequiousness (that's arse licking to you doombrain). Yours with a soggy picture of the pope in his pants,
Lee Biliou, Leicester

THE PICTURE WITH THE WARNING BELL!

When it rings - close your eyes if you're squeamish!

Dear Lee: Creep all you like you terrible fucker, but if you think we're going to release your kid sister from "Cellar of Mick Hucknall Doom" you're very much mistaken.

Dear B&D

I've just obtained Bugs & Drugs 2. It's pretty bleedin' good, let me put it that way! But one word of warning! Peter "let's give facism a chance" Bagge is probably going to sue if he sees this little gem! Particularly liked the Character Assassination cards. I live just a bus-journey away from Nottingham city and I've seen many of these people hanging around, especially Grunpers, Ravers and the dreaded Indie Kids. I'm just waiting for my turn (ulp!)
Jonathon Kirk, Nottingham

Dear Jonathon: If you're referring to the same Peter Bagge who we steal the odd bit of cartoon off, then you're too damn late. We made an out of court settlement to the tune of a punch in the windpipe if he ever bothered us again. Nice letter but no cup-of-beetle-piss winner!

Dear Bugs & Drugs Agony Uncles

Why is it that today's cartoon characters are all so bollocks? My female friends and myself are all fairly well adjusted, yet we ALL had our first crushes on Jason off "Battle of the Planets", but none of the new cartoon people are remotely fanciable - you'd have to have a serious problem to work up any juice over Teddy fuckin' Ruxpin or that fat Mario git. Mind you, I bet you liked Jessica Rabbit's tits.

Cheers

Clairey, Leeds

B&D say: Pah! That rabbit never wore a BRA! So where was the breasts. huh?! Correspondance on this subject is about as welcome as a carton full of herpes scabs.

Dear Buggers! SALTY NIRVANA CIDER

Thanks for the first issue of your fabulous tome and here's a story relating to it. Just after receiving it I was sitting on a bus having a good old read of it, when I noticed this weirdie sitting to my left, staring at the magazine. I then noticed he was reading the bible of all things. He leant over and said "Excuse me, would you

Dear Peopleoids TWO FISTED LEGS

Just because you have your "Narcotics-U-Like" article doesn't mean I don't know what you're up to! Tell the aliens they can't get to me that way. They've given me warnings before, the Co-Co Pops advert proves it but those moving lights last night must have been two motorcycles splitting up while doing wheelies in mid air.

My dog's got no nob.

mustn't they? Just don't tell the CIA or M16 that you know. Have you noticed all the people that wear black these days? You've heard of the men in black (not the Strangers) haven't you? Well the Government agencies are recruiting the unemployed and brainwashing them into being spies on the rest of us. But then you might be one of them as well. I haven't put my address on this letter because they'll trace it and I'll disappear like the rest of them.... Go and check on the front door now if you don't believe me! Look behind you and watch the skies. Chris P

Dear Chris: Is this some kind of JOKE?! Any fool knows the warnings about evil alien conspiracies are on the back of "Ready Brek" packets! Lucky you didn't give your address or we'd have sent the ghost of Elvis round to take you roughly from the rear.

FROSTED NAUTILUS

Dear Buggers

Druggers, mong-muggers and horse todger-tuggers. Three raucous blasts on the sousaphone of congratulations and praise are due to thee for your mind-bending, spineblending, sodomised,

nun-befriending zine thang! All of us here in the jolly Middle-lands are looking forward to the next ring-stinger more than we look forward to the gnu-felching time at de zoo! 'Tis more fun than smothering yaself in baby food and surfing down the Congo aboard an inflatable Eammon Andrews! YES IT IS! More bloody larfs to be had than a month spent inserting plastic dinosaurs up a hamsters dirtbox.

NO OTHER LAXATIVE GIVES
YOU MORE GENTLE, MORE
THOROUGH RELIEF!



AND SO, YOUR NAME
DOES NOT APPEAR
IN THE BOOK OF
"FARTY APPERTIZERS
FOR BEGINNERS!!"

HOW TO MAKE THEM
ASK FOR HASH!



HEY, LOOK
AT THAT BUM
CRASHED OUT OVER
THERE! LET'S SET
HIM ON
FIRE!

OPEN
LEFT
SURGERY!

FUCKIN'
JACK
M'FUCK
AND
FUCK

STUDD

SUPPA
WARM
GORG

AGGRO

LEZBO * BOWLER HAT * APPLIANCE * Erect! I was talking about erect! John Noakes

I WAS A TEENAGE TEENAGER



like some more positive literature to read?" I just put my head down and listened to what the psycho had to say, which was along the lines of that "things like that" had ruined his life for eight years but Jesus had chosen him and put him back on the course of righteousness and he

HONEY GLAZED ELASTICA
was to fight for righteousness for Jesus. So here I am on the bus with the Reverend Loonie telling me about the baby Jesus, trying not to titter, and what does he do next? He pushes the

ADAM and the LANTZ
Bible up against the widow and starts singing hymns to the people at the bus stop!!! As mad as a mongoose! I advise you, never come to Glasgow, and if you do, never get on a Drumchapel bus. Please rush me a t-shirt so I can ward off these mental cases. If this is what your zine does to them, I hate to think what a t-shirt will inspire!

Kirst, Glasgow
B&D say: HA! Little did you know that was one of US! For tittering at one of our brethren you shall be forced to wear the Shirt of Eternal Masturbation every other Sunday.... Forever!

Bugs & Drugs
My close showbiz chum John Peel said to me in the pub, he said (actually it was on the radio but I'm a sad, pretentious wanker). He said your rag was delicious with a few dumpings, so I'm writing to you to find out if it really exists,

CUNNIE 48.
—it licks everything
multi-speed ONLY £9.95

because it's a big risk with Mr. Peel....
1. So what are you, ex SKATE MUTIES or what?... 2. What kind of bugs a) Bugs (you're just nurdy insectologists and needs to share it?) b) Bugs (I'll get woo, woo cawzy wabbit) c) Bugs (VW Beetles, a natural progression from skateboards) d) Bugs (as in sod all to do with Bugs at all)... 3. Do you really think that "Bugs & Drugs" is a good name for anything??

LATEX GOD SHOES
Master of style and cool I ain't but c'mon, sticking biscuit crumbs to your nipples may be your idea of fucking the system but I HAVE to live in a house with cork tiles. I'm all out of your hair now, there's a S.A.E. enclosed, use it or fester in Hull with only Peter Purves for company. Joyce the Bunny, St Neots, Cambs

Dear Joyce: Jeezus Christendom! Wot's with the buck teeth rodent obsession this issue? "I blame the Turtles" just like them spaced out clowns Back to the Peanut (or summin') once said... To address them points 1. Guilty without a hint of shame. 2. As in d) it was either that or "DRUGS & SILVER JUBILEE

Pigeonballs
VENUS AS A BOY! BRIDGE TO MR. M'COT!



LOOSE
666

I HAVE LIVED TOO LONG, LADY. SURELY IT IS TIME FOR THIS POOR CHILD TO CREEP BACK TO YOUR TEAT.



A HEART TOUCHING MY GUY STORY
I WAS NOT BORN HUMAN, MR. MACDONALD.



Chicken
FANCY TUNA
TWO OF THE BEST
CONTAINS FISH, CHICKEN, ONION, MAYONNAISE

---TW... UMPH...
WHAT'S THIS...
MAM... DELICIOUS
MOIST CHOCOLATE
CAKE...
FROM BRELZERB, THE DARK
AND GREAT
I SUMMON THEE, O
TOOL OF FATE!

MUGS" which don't roll off the tongue quite the same... 3. Not for a new brand of sandwich spread we reckon... Nice letter and you win an Esther Rantzen costume with "easy access" holes in all the "right" places

Discarded Cider flasks filled with piss
Hi Buggers!
You may be interested in the fact that at the "Phoenix" festival earlier this year, one of the chants going around the crowd during the "riot" was "BUGS AND DRUGS!" BUGS AND DRUGS!" etc.... Weird world huh?
Love
Tina, London

B&D say: Well in this world Tina, you're either wearing false breasts or you ain't, simple as that.

HI Ya B&D PUNK STYLE SAND EGGS
Hope you're well and dreaming up schemes to make people look stupid. B&D makes me laugh out loud and I think a lot of it is your observation and ability to make people who should

EXPLODING JOINT!
Slip the safe, harmless, EXPLODING LEAD into a mugging and use it to round the room! It will blow the mind of two! It's LADS of fun!
2.69..... 25' doz.

suffer SUFFER! Great to see Richard Madely in the "KIDS HATE YOU" bit - yeah everyone knows he's a shoplifter (probably a shirtlifter too) and the same goes for Stuart Hall. One minute "It's a Knockout" anchorman ("It's so funny, there's foam everywhere, people are falling over and I'm making loads of money by taking the piss out of Luxembourg"). Then next he's up in front of the beak for stealing sausages

RIDICULOUS L7 HARNESS
from Safeways. What a sad man! I also hate white people who sing that "Chaka Demus and Piliers" song in a cack awful Jamaican accent and people who laugh at PE teachers jokes.
See ya
Chris, Leeds

B&D say: Look Chris, in this world you're either smoothing your skin with Superdrug Cocoa Butter or you're not, and that's all there is to it.
OK!!

TICKS OFF
ANTI-VEGETARIAN
MARCH, Thursday 12.00, Berni Inn Piccadilly to Berni Inn Houns-

Keep your ill thought out ramblings coming in, especially ones slagging off other fanzines. Address to: B&D, P.O. Box 960, Bristol BS99 5QU The opinions expressed in letters printed are probably not half as bad as ours anyway. So go on, let rip you pussyfooting bum heads.

STYLING
BOON

Call 'em punks. Call 'em animals. But you better get out of their way!

THE BIBLE SAYS THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY

BLOODY Fucking Amazing!

- The world's heaviest riff was written by an IBM DX200 computer for charity
- The first television programme broadcasted by the BBC was a violent, abstract game-show set in a mobile Northern working man's club. The show was shelved after four episodes, after charges of blasphemy and gross indecency were brought

against the producer and host, Len Marple. Mr Marple's television career never really took off and he now spends his time bird nesting and committing adultery. The mobile club was last seen heading down the A6 wildly out of control.

POSTMAN'S KNOCKERS

- The world's cheekiest child was little Jimmy Chester. When told to shut up, he simply retorted by ripping the world's largest fart! Sadly, he never grew to maturity - his parents simply killed him.
- The use of tit-clamps was only outlawed in Britain as recently as 1722. They have since been replaced by whelks shrewdly threaded on nylon cord.
- Popular rock band Hawkwind have a baffling

appeal to very young babies and extremely old people. This is as yet unexplained. One theory suggests that the throbbing bass melodies stimulate certain glands, resulting in a not unpleasant tingling sensation in the bladder.

ORAL AROUSAL

TO FREEZE

GIMME ALL THE UNISEX BOUTIQUE CLOTHING NOW OR I START A SHOOTING!

SHIT
FAG CHICKS
Wimps

THERE ONCE WAS A FARMER A-SITTING ON A ROCK! A-SHAKING AND WAVING HIS BIG HAIRY...

BENEATH THE PLANET APES
WHY DO THEY BURN BOOKS MAMMY!

EEEEYES
WE HAVE NO BANANAS, WE HAVE NO BANANAS TODAY!

OH, PLEASE! THAT FUCHER DOESN'T HAVE A CLUE...

- Basingstoke County Library is the only library in Britain with a room set aside for masturbation.
- The national dish of Finland is Chicken & Mushroom Pot Noodle and the national drink is lager shandy.

DID YOU REALLY SUCK HIM OFF JUST TO KEEP FROM BEING FIRED?

- The wisest monkey in the world is a seven year old Rhesus monkey called 'Chuck' who lives in a zoo in Chicago, USA. Chuck is a buddhist and has written several extremely wise articles for the Chicago Times. Unfortunately, Chuck was recently shot by a 'crack' gang.

- The Queen's Head in Congleton, Chesire is the only pub in Britain to sell methylated spirits on draught. It is also unique in the fact that it has a special room set aside just for glue-sniffing.
- The tap water in Cornwall consists of 80% Pernod. The other 20% is a snakebite.

FROM HIGH ABOVE THE BATTERED RAMPAHITS OF TRUTH AND FREEDOM... HE TOOK ARMS AGAINST THE WICKED TERNING MINIONS OF INFAMY, REGISTRATION, CRIME, SUBVERSION AND WATSON INCONTINENCE.

- The world's most talented shepherd is a Mr Ravi Akbar of Kabul, Afghanistan. He can simultaneously shear two sheep while smoking a fag.
- The chief export of New Zealand are small red bras full of excrement.
- All four members of popular rock band REM possess glass eyes. They all lost their real eyes fighting for Germany in the second world war. Their singer has murdered eleven children.

BANANA EATING LEATHER LADY

- Contrary to popular belief, most eggs on sale in supermarkets are laid by the managerial staff.
- During the Middle Ages, most people in Europe were under three feet tall. A minority of the population reached heights of up to twelve feet and an even smaller minority (less than 2%) possessed huge flapping wings.
- Green, yellow + puke
- The majority of shootings in Los Angeles are done by a race of bearded ants, disguised as ethnic gang members. Their leader is none other than actor Sean Penn, disguised as an ant.

Later, they snogged, cabbed, curried, biffed and squirted.

BEN & KATIE

By Doug Baker and Hernandez



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of garments

1

screen one
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HOT STEEL BETWEEN THEIR LEGS THE WILDEST BUNCH OF THE 70's!

YOU GOT
MILLER IN THE
CAN? I ONLY DRINK
MILLER IN THE
CAN...



Technically speaking, the continent of Asia is only as big as the county of Leicestershire. It also has the highest percentage of joke shops per capita in the world.

Battleship-grey Pillock-biter

The use of subtlety when discussing matters of a personal nature is an art unknown to the world's rudest man, Mr Lee Tobias, a 54 year old joke shop proprietor of Preston. When the Queen came into his shop to purchase a pack of pornographic playing cards, he simply belched the national anthem and laughed.

TIGHT IRON CREVICE

CAREN WINE
CAN'T IN
WINE! PANTS
DOWN FOR
CAKE &
WINE!!



Technically speaking, it was the Sun Kung tribe of central Africa who started the Second World War. Headsman of the tribe, Gareth Kung (aka King Kung) sent hate mail to Adolph Hitler pretending to be a Jewish shoe merchant from Poland called Mick. Gareth later apologised saying "I did it for a dare, I was pissed."

SLAVE GIRL SUSPENDERS

Material very similar to denim has been found in a plastic bag in a crater on the moon by a team of French astronauts on a recent expedition. Surprisingly a certain Mr Craig Pernod of Chesterfield has stepped forward and claimed it. The French government is sceptical of Mr Pernod seeing as he has also claimed to be the owner of a pair of green pants found on the moon by a Spanish expedition in 1984 and a white donkey jacket discovered on the surface of Venus by an Italian team with the aid of space telescopes.



DISSOLVING CIGARETTE PAPERS

Which someone likes
the gummed paper, it
COMPLETELY DISSOLVES
dropping contents of
cigarette into victim's
lap! Many laughs.

HEY YOU
BIG OAF!
WHERE'S THAT
BEER I
ORDERED!



I'M SERIOUS!
YOU'VE GOT ME ALL HOT AND
BOTHERED, AND I'D HATE TO LET A
PERFECTLY GOOD "STIFFY"
GO TO WASTE...



SHOCKING DOPE EXPOSE

Hitler's bedroom was actually a living room converted, at his request, into a bedroom by a group of Jewish decorators from Manchester called the Beacon Brothers. They put the wallpaper on the wrong way round though and this helped to initiate Hitler's anti-semitic beliefs.

An LSD laboratory run by gibbons has recently been discovered by the West Yorkshire Constabulary on a remote Pacific island. A spokesperson for the said monkey's later claimed: "The police have got it all wrong, they weren't making LSD, they were

FONDANT HOMOSEXUAL TROUSERS

making delicious shepherds pies for a large German company." However, a police spokesman for the West Yorkshire Constabulary replied: "We know pies from drugs and what we found were levitating goats, individually wrapped in silver foil!"

YOU'VE TRACKED ME!
YOU'VE STOLEN MY
HUMAN FORM...
MY OWN BODY!!



Rare recordings by the Beatles have recently been unearthed in a church vault in Camden. The material found includes a moody techno number by John Lennon entitled "Poland 1947 - 67; The Glory Years" a ramshackle blues song recorded by George Harrison and Ringo Starr, pissed in an Indian restaurant, and a tape of Paul McCartney farting over a synthesized drum beat.

©ADAM & YAN THE GO DIE CORPORATION

TEEN-AGERS ZOOM TO SUPERSIZE AND TERRORIZE A TOWN!

YES, YOU LITTLE SHIT CAKE BAKERS IT'S...

Have you Sagging Breasts?

CRUSTY TENNANTS

SECOND PRIZE! MONSTER!

Surprised woman says "Check out that hat! Look at that coat! Face like a Buddha and a dick like a stoat!"
Mary Farrel of Brighton - subscription winner

FIRST PRIZE JESUS APPLIANCE

COMP PIC!



RADIO CONTROLLED
LEZBO CLOWN EGGS

I MEAN TO HAVE YOU BOY, EVEN IF IT MEANS A "FORCED ENTRY!"



I'M TELLIN' YA TRUE, MAN! WE WEREN'T GONNA MENTION IT TO YA, AND WHAT WITH YOU GUYS BEIN' OLD FIES AND ALL, BUT WE CUGHT HIM BUTT-FICKIN' THIS TRANSVESTITE AT A PARTY THE OTHER NIGHT...

Quiz Time!

WIN! WIN! WIN! SIN! SIN! SIN! And insert "JURASSIC PARK" toys into your mum's hair-dresser! It's THAT time again, time for ACTION! Time for people to GET UP and follow penguins in, the pursuit of BIBLICAL PANTIE GIRDLES! Yes, it's the blessed-by-the-Swedish-god-of-cunnilingus "BUGS & DRUGS" competition! And boy, have we got a butane inspired one for you! But first we have the last issue's comp kinda outpourings, and Shakespeare should take Oscar Wilde out on a CAT STABBING expedition if 99% of the ree-fucking-sults weren't filthier than a blow job off a pizza crust eating WINO, so here we go again.

THIRD PRIZE! CIDER GLAZED L7 ROBOTS

A pair of "Birds of a Feather" oven gloves and a slap round the head to Stef of Avon for her very poor "Ere luv, nice back street colonic irrigation? Decent bucket and hosepipe job!" Wang-tickler

CONGRATULATIONS TO

BUGS N' DRUGS

ON THIS YOUR THIRD ISSUE

NOW HOW ABOUT SETTLING MY BILL FOR THE OTHER TWO?

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FEAST YOUR EYES, YOU BASTARD!
IT'S YOU MEN THAT DID THIS TO ME!



GRAVY
CAN'T CATCH ME FOR A TOPPER FLCA!!

Mike Chalmers of North Yorkshire wins a posh "B&D" t-shirt and a subscription. POKER HOT

HA! Felching trophies for all concerned! So scrub that bamboozle and continue in a trumpet nosed kinda vein and approach this issues comp-experience. Listen good freaks! 'Tis simpler than monkey's makin' monkey's make "Lego erections!" All you does is complete this tricky little sentence.

"I LIKE BUGS & DRUGS BECAUSE....."

Go to it trucksters! But please no more than 300 words. Entries that stink of butter will be disqualified. Send in before 31st DECEMBER or we give the singer of "Rage Against the Machine" a chinese burn!

MY TWIN DOLL LOOKS JUST LIKE ME

Your child's free hand tinted - her personality reproduced on sturdy cardboard stand-up doll. Also 2 compl. wardrobes one in color, one child colors. Send front view photo or snapshot, color of hair, eyes, etc. (Photo returned intact) ONLY \$2 posted. Order NOW! MY TWIN DOLL CO., Dept. 13-11 6711 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood 28, Calif.

FIRST PRIZE! A night out with the makers of "Bugs & Drugs!" Chips! Clubs! Sherry! Abject Stupidity! We even pay the winner and a friends bloody travelling expenses! It's true!
SECOND PRIZE! Un-identified "B&D" t-shirts and a life subscription to this 'zine at least!
THIRD PRIZE! A Sooty & Sweep castration kit!!

Remember quizheads, all answers in by 31st December. Winners will be notified by the baby Jesus. Send to "B&D", PO BOX 960, BRISTOL BS99 5QU". This competition has been brought to you in conjunction with Evo Stik, the home of

sensible solvent abuse. KITCHEN READY

SALTY CREVICE

RAMONES

Pooing your pants at a gig by accident

WORLD OF

FANZINES

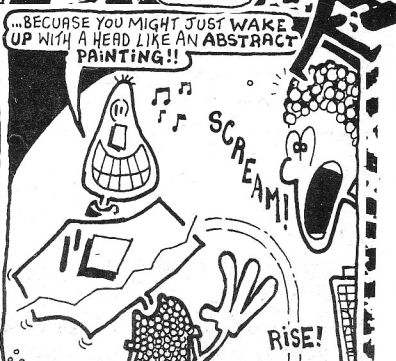
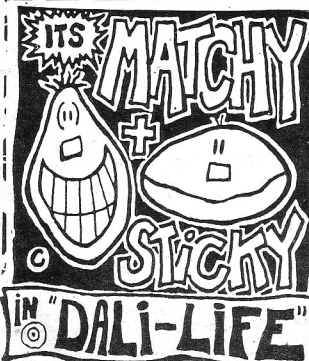
They do EXACTLY what you think they do!

It's like this SEE! They send us their 'zines, we send them ours, they send us flyers to put in our letters to you the public and we send them flowers 'cos their magazines are a load of flappy old bollocks. It's called networking SEE, our people will call

your people, let's do lunch, play footsie under the table, book into a hotel etc... See, that's the score in corporate fanzine land and here's the crop of the last few months worth of small time nasties... Get your laughing gear around "GIANT SKULL ON WHEELS" a foolish comic affair based around - well fuck me! - a giant skull on wheels

A badly drawn laff-a-thon and most recommended (30p, BM Indefinite, London, WC1N 3XX)... You send ALWAYS SAE or soon you wear open-toed sandals... New one to us blinkered losers is

Draw a line down the middle and pretend it's your bottom.



The magazine Dad can read!

THERE'S NO BANANAS FOR MY CHEERIOS! BWAAAAHHH!

"GERM", plenty good interviews with OZRICs, B.T.T.P, SENSER and some unknown stuff. Joststick burning (30p, 14 Uppingham Dr, Woodley, Reading, Berks, RG5 4TH)... Catch a copy of "PROTOTYPE" issue seven for the lowdown

on zines and distribution dudes a-la-Dublin (Free, 14 Waterloo Road, Dublin 4, Ireland) and say the balloon of doom sent you... Has that high street atrocity "THE ZINE" gone bust yet? Someone tell us 'cos we need a good laugh... More comic weirdness courtesy of "REVEREND ROSCOES ALL RHUMBA RAVE UP", cut-up stupidity, tales of some priest-like zoomer and

DO PEOPLE THINK YOU'RE STRANGE? DO YOU??

... THEN YOU MAY BE ON THE RIGHT TRACK!

a foot to boot - well "B&D" in places 'n' all (50p, 83 Rippingham Rd, Wittington, Manchester, M2 9FT)... The 1993 summer issue of "GRIM HUMOUR" is still out and about, piling on the info in an industrial-splatter-freak-fuck sorta vein, still makes most other zines suck the horses pecker. (£1.75, PO Box 63, Herne Bay, Kent, CT6 6YU)... And just think yourself lucky you missed out on the free single... A big "Hi" to ABLAZE zine and "thanks" for NOT sending us your

Englander Schweinhunt

latest issue in exchange for two of ours... Miserable twisters. "CLOWNS KILLING PEOPLE" gets the love-bite-on-the-ear-lobe award for best title, but contents wize it's veering towards the "It's art Jim, but not as we know it" kinda blurb...

Neat graphics here and there though. (75p, Box 32, 52 Call Lane, Leeds, LS1 6DT)... If anyone out there writes a Porn/Fetish/Homo-core zine send us one,

I HEAR MASTER AND AWAIT YOUR SUMMONS!

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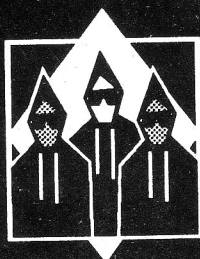
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DO
YAKS
SWIM?!



Crazy Dancing Brownhatter

you ugly space critters... Looking for pisstake ads, some choice cut interviews and a couple scoops of satire then "MYOPIC DWARF" is your rich tea biscuit, worth 60p at least and say Hitler sent you. (93 Hawkfield Road, Whitchurch Park, Bristol, BS13 0BH)... Grand old "VAGUE" reaches issue 24 with all kinds to do with living in Notting Hill, London... Most enjoyable reports from battle zone called life. Buy and fume (£2.50, BCM Box, 7207, London, WC1N 3XX)... Thick as a lady donkeys downstairs flap "ORGAN" piles it on with features on almost every cool band that has visited London this year. These buggers must be out 8 days a fucking week with their tape recorder. Graphically as smart as a polished beetle antler, it's sorta

CERTIFICATE This is to certify that
LESBIAN LAVATORY LUST

like an NME for scuzz buckets. Buy or eat nails. (75p PD Box 790, London, E17 5RR)... Mentioned last issue but worth a light tap on the behind this

time are the latest copies "FEAR 'N' LOATHING" and "HOAX!"... F'N'L continue with travel tales concerning Rage Against The Machine, Dwarves, Boston and more. Set out like an on-the-roadster diary, it's funny, frank and tinged with prune juice... HOAX the

SCUTTLE BACK TO
YOUR PLAYERS, YOU CRAB-
LICE. THE NIGHT IS WILD
AND I MUST KEEP SOLITARY
VIGIL FOR THE DAWNING
LIGHT OF CHRIST THE
SUN.



AT THANKSGIVING
**STUDDIED
ELASTICA
PANTYHOSE**

BEST for Home Pooping



SEE...I MADE A SWITCHBLADE FROM
THIS SHARPENED SPOON AND AN
OLD HOLLOWED-OUT BROODHANDLE.

"Monster Issue" gives you freaky shit on the Church of the Subgenius, poster subversion, urban myths and how to send a garden gnome round the world. The "BUGS & DRUGS" read or die zine of the issue, send them £1.00 and not tinned carrots. (64, Beechgrove, Aberhoddu, Powys, Cymru)... Shit! The F'N'L address is 2 Fausset Hill, Canterbury, Kent, CT4

Bros Bonanza

Can't help but chuckle at International Crises?
YAH just in case you actually need it... Some other new zine us taste nazis only just clapped eyes on is "MORAL SENSE", a fine old mix of garage sleaze (not not dirty books hidden behind the lawnmower), Charles Manson rants, tips on suicide and some rather delightful photos of baby frogs having their legs burnt off with matches... Only joking! It's baby otters really.... A real breath of foul air (£1.00, Dept RHJ c/o PD Box 265, Manchester, M60 1FY)... Jehovah and swizzle sticks are you still reading this far? A pat on the back and a long service medal fashioned outta a judges bum for you missus!

SUPERIOR MUTANTS!

Anyhows we have to fit in more pictures of naked ladies so that's it. Do send us your publications and we'll send you ours if the voice in the cupboard will let us.

THE LAUNCHING OF THE BLEEDING HEAD OF THE WORLD CUP GOLFER

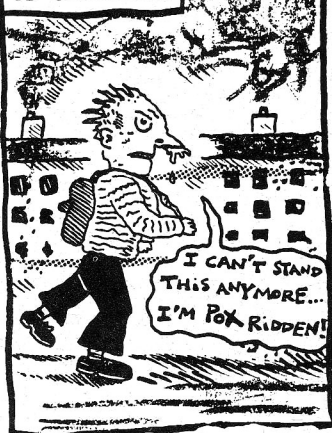


I AWOKE IN MY DAMP BED... REEKING OF THE SMELLS OF PASSION FROM THE NIGHT BEFORE!



MRS. SNOTT'S USUAL ALARM CALL... SCRAPING A SPADE ON MY OUTSIDE WALL.

I QUICKLY DASHED OUT TO COLLEGE.



I WANT A NORMAL RELATIONSHIP..... THIS HAS GOT TO END!



I TOOK THE LONG WAY BACK TO.... THAT PLACE!



I WALKED UP TO THAT DREADED DOOR... AND MRS. SNOTT OPENED IT SUDDENLY!



I WAS SO RELIEVED... BUT THAT NIGHT I AWOKE TO SOME STRANGE SOUNDS!



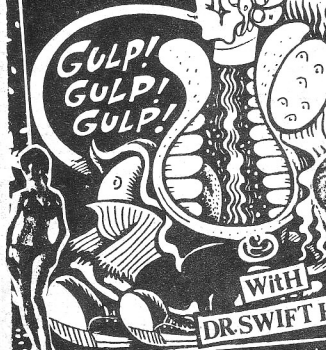
OH YES! EAT ME DOG.... EAT ME!!



IT'S THE PAGE THAT SAYS "DRINK, DON'T THINK"!!

MULTI LAYERED DWARF SEXING!

WHAT'LL IT BE!



COME ON THEN YAH BASTARDS! I'LL TAKE THE LOTTA YOUS!... DON'T PATRONISE ME YAH FUCKERS!! BLURRRRK! HUWWMP!...
Gah! That's better... Bottoms up and a big hearty slap on the back kinda welcome to "What'll it Be" the page for the completely undiscerning booze fan! Yes, I'm back from a seedy late night drinking establishment round the back of Safeways to subdue you with a heady cocktail of lager injected laffs, non-teetotal titbits and info that'll give you STOMACH ULCERS at fifty paces! - Yes it may be brutal and messy. But it's fair. We have to be. We're talking ALCOHOL.

TEST DEPARTMENT

In this issue we give you the lowdown on the current crop of High Strength Lagers currently available in your average corner shop. Grouped together in a bus shelter is our panel: hand picked, tough and dedicated to the spread of Worldwide Alcoholism and ready to do battle over the last Silk Cut and get all leery about the subject on hand.

PETROL SLAMMER IS GOOD! GET DRUNK! SEESELF IN WOOD!

PENNMEISTER (8.5%) Brewed in Huddersfield

SMELL: Drain Cleaner, combined with the dregs out of a barrel of home-brew.
TASTE: Slides like gob down the glass, looks the right colour but that's probably due to the million chemicals. A bit like Castlemaine with a liquorice stick in it or perhaps Barley Wine gone horribly beery.
DOWN IN ONE RATING: Shiver up the spine and goose pimples galore.
OUT OF TEN: 4, 6, 8 (Definitely not a six can beverage)



FROSTED CIDER SHEEP

HAT TRICK, CARD TRICK, RABBIT IN COAT DOWN MY PANTS THERE LIVES A STOUT!



YOU need this!



TENNANTS SUPER! (9.0%)

FIRST SNIFF: A bit like Caramel with a fake sweetness.
TASTE: Still popular amongst "itinerant gentlemen" they seem to have taken the "URRGGHK" bite outta this particular brew. Easily drinkable, though a bit sickly for some. Still goes down well with a dog-end roll up.
BODILY REACTION: Creeping pain in the shoulders and a lot of salivating in the mouth.
OUT OF TEN: 4, 9.5, 8 (But they'd have to bring back spittoons if they sold this on draft in pubs).
BALTIC (8.5%) Brewed in Glasgow
COMMENT: Lists calorific content (268 per can) and has "8.5" printed in huge piss-up-you-like lettering all over the can.
SMELL: Sulphuric Acid and pickled cabbage
TASTE: A real drop-to-the-bottom-of-the-stomach drink, all the texture of flavourless liquidised marmalade and it's probably made from some other companies slops.
SORTA LIKE: What your dad's breath smelt like when he came home drunk when you were nine.
OUT OF TEN: 3, 5, 6 (This is what Tennants used to taste like)

RAISE GIANT FROGS BIG DEMAND

Millions used yearly! Good prices year round! Breeder lays up to 20,000 eggs yearly. Nation-wide markets waiting for all you can ship. Get ready now for next spawn. New book tells how! Small pond starts you. Men and Women send for my illustrated FREE folder today. Do it now!

ALBERT BROL - P.O. Box 506 - New Orleans 1, La.

KESTREL (9.5%) Brewed in Edinburgh

SMELL: A bit like stout, but no real stench of death.
TASTE: It attacks you outta the glass, got a kick like a one-shoed wino. A real exorcist brew, one gulp too many and it will be up for air again. Taste has been pushed aside for new, added extra strength.
COMMENTS: 2 cans good, 3 cans Mr Floppy. Not recommended if you have a wife or girlfriend.
6 CAN RATING: You'll end up playing the flute in the subway or joining the Salvation Army.
OUT OF TEN: 8.5, 1.5, 7 (For sheer nerve)

CRUCIAL BREW (8.4%)

SMELL: (By now the panel were rapidly losing their sense of smell). Mango's stewed in brandy sorta thing.
TASTE: Sweet and sharp with a fucking big head on it. A bit like pear wine, and certainly brings up the burps.
COMMENTS: Reminds you of pubs with lino floors - A drink for the alcoholic with a few more pounds in their pockets.
OUT OF TEN: 8, 8, 9 (Basically, it's your stronger Red Stripe.)

HALLUCINATION GENERATION



ALTRA (8.5%) Brewed in London

SMELL: Egg soup and the juice you get at the bottom of bin liners.

TASTE: Mild but liver-sizzling. Sticky, sorta like malted shreddies, jam and vodka. If you've been drinking something else all night, one taste of this would have you retching.

DOWN IN ONE RATING: Shiver up the spine and goose pimples galore.

OUT OF TEN: 6, 8, 0.5 (For effort)

HOFMEISTER SPECIAL (9.0%)

SMELL: Somewhat like sniffing glue, or a games teachers armpit.

TASTE: Real European smack to it, dark and very gulpable, reminds you of fine summer evenings hanging around gutters.

BODILY REACTIONS: No shivers, but a slight pain behind the eyes.

OUT OF TEN: 10, 9, 4 (Four cans and you'll be fighting off-duty Paras)

BALLOON MANIAC**SPECIAL BREW (9.0%) Brewed in Northampton**

SMELL: (The panel are now officially drunk and all nostalgic) Brings back memories of youth.

TASTE: Bleeding fruity - still the first bastard brew most people ever tasted - Gives you the shivers even after drinking the other seven. A real wet nappy afterkick.

BEST DRUNK: Warm when found in the back of the van after a gig.

OUT OF TEN: 10, 4, 6 (But it still tastes of child

BEST CAN DESIGN: PENNMEISTER - Cos it looks sinister and cutish.

BEST OVERALL: HOFFMEISTER SPECIAL -

Spanking good drunkability and value.

INTENSE TERROR! WARNING!

WE CANNOT BE RESPONSIBLE IF YOU NEVER SLEEP AGAIN!

IT'S A FACT!

- When you're walking home at 9.30 in the morning still half-cut, office workers **CAN** tell.
- It is physically impossible not to start singing along to the Village People's "Y.M.C.A." in a stupid butch voice after 8 pints.
- All draught "Fosters" comes from a huge "lager lake" just outside Peterborough.

- When pushing in a wine bottle cork with a key, a squirt of wine will always end up in your right eye.
- One of Alan Whicker's favourite party tricks is pissing up the back of ladies dresses and blaming the dog.
- ... Coincidentally his showbiz pal Bob Monkhouse was recently caught shitting underneath the duvet cover of the host's bed at a top London drinks party.

A BAG OF NUTS AND A PINT OF BEER: TAKEN BY BIG BIRD ROUGHLY FROM THE REAR!!

- People who have their own barstools reserved in a pub are also responsible for making 90% of "Snuff" movies.

- The recommended safe limit of alcohol intake for the average man is 42 units (about 21 pints) a day.
- In the North of England a "Permud & Black" is also known as a "Permud & Blackcurrant".

DRUNK-A-GRAPH CORNER!

Last issue we asked for your snaps of pissed up fools, comatosed clowns and people for whom the toilet bowl calls. Here's the winners - study well and laugh out loud at their misfortune.

FIRST PRIZE: "KIT" IN NEW ORLEANS, BINNED OUT OF HIS HEAD, NOTE OPEN MOUTH, SENT IN BY SO-CALLED MATES MIK AND BEN.

GOOSE FILTH**STONED**

Well it's throwing out time again readers. Next issue we'll be testing some of the best breakfast beers currently available on your supermarket shelves, giving you some tips on how to win those "heated" bar room debates - with the aid of

NO! I DON'T KNOW WHAT "ON THE BONE" MEANS!!

a broken off chair leg and we'll be posing the question "Surgical Spirit in your Bowl of Party Punch - Good Times or Major Organ Failure?"... Until then this is Dr Swift Half saying "Haven't you got homes to go to gentlemen?!"

BLATANT TWEAK

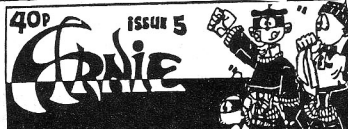
OH NO! I'M OUT OF MONKEY SPUNK!

NOTES WRITTEN IN KAY'S CURRY IS TRUE!

'100 if you prove it can't happen!

SECOND PRIZE! TOMMO DWARF TWATTYING ABOUT IN FRANCE, NOTE BAR ON HEAD.

BUT I AM THE KING OF GIBLETS!



INTERVIEWS W/ STEVE IGNORANT & CHUMBAWOMBA COMICS: ARNIE IN PARIS, THE RIGHT ON KIDS, YOUNG ARNOLD HUMOUR POLITICS REVIEWS

AND MUCH MORE 40p PLUS STAMP OR \$2PPP to: 16, PALAIRET CL. BRADFORD-ON-AVON WILTSHIRE BA15 1US. UK. 24th available: issue 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100

a copper appeared from out of the blue. I think I'm right in saying he said "that you can't be a

PUNK

UNTO

DEATH!!

WITH SID DELICIOUS

Hi Shitheads. How are you? I hope your green parka coats begin to restrict your puny little indie bodies. Still pretending we never liked Nirvana? To the majority of readers of this magazine - Suck my Asshold!

(Magic * Music * Balloons * Puppets) moving onto musical matters, the world was struck a severe blow when G G ALLIN passed away, although it was done in complete style. Before he copped it, he did the usual, ate his shit, cut himself, beat up the audience, dressed in nothing but cowboy boots and a button for a cock, the man hurled himself through French windows. Later after his final gig he was found dead from an overdose in a leather skirt no less. G G Allin - gone but not

PICKLED BLUR UNDERWEAR

Forgotten. Speaking of dead people, there seems to be another tribute LP (will it ever end?) dedicated to the late JOHNNY THUNDERS featuring people such as MIKE MONROE, POISON IDEA and old hag CHRISSEE HYNDE to name but a few. Moving on, a band called CLUTCH release an album called "Anthems, Anecdotes and

NIRVANA STYLE FUCKING-STOOL

unbelievable truths". It reminds me of the BIRTHDAY PARTY in places. Not a bad LP though. What else is new? Well it's been out for quite a while. The new LP "Destroy oh Boy" by the NEW BOMB TURKS is good old fashioned punk rock in a Stooges vein. They've got a few singles out too, but I don't know many of the titles and they were about £4.00 each and so I didn't bother. Back to **Suspenders is Killing Me!** They have those old cunts IRL RAMONES. They have released an LP of covers (Hoo fuckin' ray). The LP features the cunt out of SKID ROW singing. It's called "Acid Eaters" and among the bullshit (which is all it is) we find covers by

FROLICK IN THE FARMYARD

ARE YOU ABNORMAL?

THEN YOU ARE PROBABLY BETTER THAN MOST PEOPLE!

I'M IN A PHONE BOOTH OUTSIDE THE CLUB, AND THIS CHICK I'VE NEVER MET BEFORE IS GIVING ME A BLOW JOB RIGHT THIS VERY MINUTE! CAN YOU DIG IT?!

SAW YA MAMMA RIDING A HORSE? DRINKIN' WHISKY FROM A BOTTLE!

Dylan, Amboy Dukes, Jefferson Airplane I can't write anymore about this bollocks - It's making me sick. On the punkier side of things CHAOS UK release their best 12" to date called "Two buttocks in the air". Also just out is a split 7" from Nottingham's LOSERS and London's COITUS. Both bands are good and different. LOSERS provide a more poppy punk style while COITUS go for a more metal feel. Also out is the M.S.O./CORPUS VILE LP (second plug of the issue - typist) which is worth checking out. ICE T and BODYCOUNT are

UNI SEXUAL BEARDED FAITH NO MORE EARRINGS

to tour the UK as you all probably know. He is on the "Judgment Day" Compilation LP with SLAYER doing EXPLOITED covers (is nothing sacred?). Also featured are such pourings as HOUSE OF PAIN and HELMET, FAITH NO MORE and BOO YA TRIBE to name a few. New York's COP SHOOT COP are working on a new LP which will be as good as the last op I hope.

Industrial wise PITCHSHIFTER's "De-sensitized" on the Earache label is a much better LP than its predecessor. BIG CHIEF release a new LP on SubPop which is excellent. It sounds like a

The Dambuilders

(USA)

"SMELL" / "SHRINE" DOUBLE A SIDE 7" SINGLE OUT NOW!

TWO SUPREME SLABS OF TOP NOTCH POP ENTERTAINMENT FROM ACROSS THE POND OFFERED TO YOU AT THE RIDICULOUSLY CHEAP PRICE OF ONLY £2 (INC. P&P) DON'T DELAY, BUY ONE TODAY PO'S, CHEQUES PAYABLE TO G.ROBERTS. BINGO!

Krunch! PO BOX 207 DERBY DE3 5ZZ

cross between CURTIS MAYFIELD, BLACK SABBATH and THE RED HOT CHILLI PEPPERS. Speaking of SubPop, three cheers for the DUARVES who pissed off the hippy dweebs at SubPop by telling them their guitarist was dead when he wasn't. It pissed them

Rock mirror badges set in deluxe frames

...IS THAT A POTATO SACK YOU'RE WEARING?

PEOPLE'S COURT IS ON IN 5 MINUTES - LET'S QUIT...

WILL SOME-ONE TUNE MY PASS FOR ME AGAIN?

SMILES, CANNON CRASER AND HADACRA (QUITE ESSENTIALLY ON WITH A PLOCC AND A JARV?) THAT IS TOTALLY AMERICAN TO THE CORE!!!

Principal Tenny with the

GOD SENDS NUTS TO THOSE WHO HAVE NO TEETH!

off so much that they dropped them off the label. Fuck 'em if they can't take a joke, eh? Jerry A, ex-POISON IDEA, has formed a new band under the terrifying name of GIFT. Speaking of things big, I was kindly donated two

UD comps by the bng defunct BIG BOYS on Touch & Go. Both are fucking ace and you can see there was a punk/funk crossover back in 1981 much before the wanky CHILLI PEPPERS. Anyway enough of

'Achtung spitfire! The best metal LP I've heard in ages has got to be ENTOMBED's "Wolverine Blues" which has dropped all the satanic bullshit sludge and opted for a more Discharge and Venom feel (the lyrics still need working on though). DIDJITS release yet another great LP called "Que Sirhan Siran" - fucking great! This also goes for both the MONO MEN 7's. I don't know what they're called cos they cost £5.00 each and I got someone to tape them for me. I wouldn't spend £5.00 on a 7" but you lot might. Still, a great band. A big fuck off to GUNS & ROSES who plan to release a punk covers LP. As you know I fucking hate covers LPs but this is making me shit parrots. I hope SLASH

Stupid-ugly-bastard-face fascist.



**CRUSTY TRAVELLER
STYLE CUFFLINKS**

Your YOUNGSTER WILL LOVE IT!

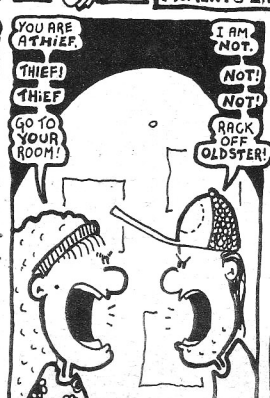


the cunt, his fuzz and top hat catch on fire and Axl gets gang-humped by a thousand lepers. **THE PAINTENES.** The record's called "Destroy me Lover!". It was lent to me by someone who has angel hair. It sounds like the Butthole Surfers mixed

with L7. They recently did a US tour with Japan's BOREDOMS and NY noise merchants BRUTAL TRUTH. The LP moves from different extremes, with each song recommended. A UK tour is also being planned. Other noticeable records come from Boston's SAM BLACK CHURCH TRAIN JACK's debut LP, ZENIGAWA Tentacles. A special mention must go to the new rising hiphop shamen DR SEX who must be seen to be believed with the release of his first 7" "It's just pillow talk baby". Well, till next time I want to frost your faces with my manhood. Sid D

PLASTIC ROACHES

Abuse yourself in the lavatory.



SOMETHING Bizarre

75p

#1

STARRING
BRIN

EXCLUSIVE
TERRY
PRATCHETT
INTERVIEW

AVAILABLE ON JULY 17TH FROM YOUR
SPECIALIST SHOP OR SEND A CHEQUE
(PAYABLE TO M. TRIMBY) OR P/O FOR £1
(INCL. POSTAGE) TO: SOMETHING BIZARRE (DEPT. TMT),
98 COLDHARBOUR ROAD, REDLAND, BRISTOL BS6 7SB.



LOVELY DAPPER

DISCS!

* This is the age of the spam

Piles'o' plastic! Cartloads of CDs!! Several seven inches!!! Yes, our hand picked team of toad gobblers are here to cast an auralling over some delicious recordings that we got free off some record companies and that. Extra marks were given for punctual guitar solos and marks were deducted for band members sporting full beards. So without anymore shagging around, let's get stuck in... As a somewhat addled Janis Joplin once said to the Greek god of facial massaging.

TENNANTS FROSTED CHESTS

PARALLEX "Bullet Proof Zero" (Mute EP)
SID DELICIOUS:- Sounds a lot like Senser being senseless.

BEANO BRAZOV:- It's the kind of thing Julian Clary would listen to and think was really Hardcore.

BEAR HACKENBUSH:- Would sound a lot better after a few well placed rugs, cyber punk rap rock... They probably play football with the Beggars ITA as well.

GINGER HEADED GOD

GIRLS AGAINST BOYS "Venus Luxure" (Touch & Go LP)

BH:- A might swirly, gothic, beginning to it all, could grow on you like a pleasant case of foot root. SD:- Very wintry feeling to it, a bit like the Psychedelic Furs and Cop Shot Cop getting together to make a demonic snowman. BB:- May I say it's most grungy, at the risk of a severe physical beating. It's the sound of un-oiled machinery and they make good use of the plastic-coffee-cup-with-a-rattley-bottom vocal effect.

SCREAM "Fumble" (Dischord LP)

BH:- Ha! Sussed out! It's a cash in re-release 'cos the drummer of Nir"panties"vana used to be in this lot.

EVERYTIME I THINK ABOUT THE TIME I HAD SEX I GET NAUSEOUS.

YOUR MUTHA WEARS AN AFRO WITH A CHIN STRAP!

INDOMITABLE, INTREPID, UNDAUNTED... HE RISES BOLDLY FROM ALL DEFEAT, DISGRACE AND DISASTER (EVEN WITH BLOOD COMING OUT) TO SOUNDLY THROTTLE THE CURB, BRISBANDS AND BALDERDASHERS OF TODAY'S "TWIN WORLD".

THAT BOY WAS GOOD! I WANT YOU TO GO OUT THERE AND SEE WHAT YOU CAN FIND!

WELL, BLOW ME! SOUTHERN FRIED MOON CALES!

KOOL-AID KID

THAT'S DANGEROUS DRIVING, BUTLER... I'LL GET YOU FOR THIS!

IT'S BRUTAL

2 VOLUPTUOUS GIRLS IN AN ALL-OUT, ALL NUDE, BLOODY FIGHT TO THE FINISH!

ICE BUN IN FULL EFFECT IN THE ARIEL!

YOUR GOING HOME IN A FACKIN ICE CREAM VAN!

Call the marketing ploy police! BB:- Stimulating 80's hardcore that sounds obscenely like Bad Brains times 1,000 at least. SD:- This is well rocked out as well - A bit proper metal-rock in places - and this used to be a band to wet your pants to. BB:- You can just picture yards of hair being swished around at the front of one of their gigs, like a sinister heavy metal car wash.

Yuppie flats converted into disused warehouse by confused local businessman.

YOU'VE HURT PRETTY BAD, MISTHA. HAVE SOME WHEATIES?

GUN SHOT "Children of a dying breed" (Vinyl Solution 12")

BH:- Rap-ragg-hiphop from the land of Michelle Fowler, loads of bits and bobbins influences here, spaghetti westerns, 70s films, Public Enemy and probably Dick Van Dyke in "Mary Poppins" as well. SD:- The sleeve tricks you into thinking they're a death metal kind of trip. The other track "Killing Seasons" is pretty peachy. BB:- Is pooh, yes?

RED, RED, RED, ETC EXPRESS!

THE INSULT THAT MADE A BIG SQUIRT OUT OF BITSY



HOLY ROLLERS "Self Titled" (Dischord LP)

BB:- Ducks alive! This must be their third long player to date, they've got summin to do with Ian "Bodice Ripper" McKaye from Fugazi, the tricky little pixies! SD:- Sounds a bucket load like 'em as well, but the vocals are well whiney - not a fine whine at all. BB:- Well his voice reminds me of honey cake and fine wine, brilliant harmonies and

such... And I'll fight any man who differs on that. SD:- Reminds me of sad monks... too quirky. BH:- I shy away from it like a pony offered a handful of thistles.

Do you ever get the feeling that "f...

ALIVE... WITHOUT A BODY... FED BY AN UNSPEAKABLE HORROR FROM HELL!

GRIME-EEZEE

GROTUS "Glow Motion" (Alt. Tentacles LP)
BH:- Stop/Start. It's got that bleeding
annoying stop/start quality. Grr, gnash,
makes me wanna go out and kick milk bottles
down large flights of stone stairs.
BB:- But what hell is it? Sub-Metal?
Industrial Metal? Tribal Metal? Kettle Metal?
SD:- The singer is taking time off from
his day job with Metallica. BH:- Music
that gives you face fuzz, some kinda
Krishna connection here. It's either
Buddhist metal or the Butthole Surfers
on a glue-sniffing holiday to Tibet.

PERHAPS IF I KISS
YOU... YOU WILL MELT
IN MY ARMS!

PERHAPS TO RATHER
NOT, YOU FREAKY ROCK-
FACED SPAGHETTI-
HEAD!

BABES IN TOYLAND "Painkillers" (Southern LP)

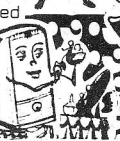
SD:- They're a 90s version of "The
Slits". BB:- What 'cos there's three
of them? They're girls and they've
got dreadlocks? SD:- No, no...err...
Anyhow Nirvana are the Police for the
90s. BH:- Sounding better every release,
even dandier when seen live and direct.
BB:- Intense, brooding and stinking of
cheap gin. "A Changed Woman, by Gravy"

AND DOUBLE BAD DOINGS FROM

PAIN TEENS "Destroy Me Lover" (Trance
Syndicate LP)

BB:- Hot poking shit! Like L7 in some
nice flowery dresses. SD:- Good pair of
pants on the back cover. BB:- Fuel
injected thrash-a-thon tracks interspersed
with weirdo tracks that are all goggley
and right off the beaten track, creepy.
BB:- Good to listen to pissed out of
your head in a darkened room. I think
you'd start to cry after a while.

BREAK
DANCE



WHY TAKE A POKE AT
MY HOUSEKEEPING-JUST
BECAUSE I'VE GOT A
GORGEOUS NEW SINK?

HILARIOUS
SPRINGING
SNAKE
TRANQUILIZER
BOTTLE!

When someone reaches
for your bottle, get
put up tight!

\$69.....\$11

FUGAZI "Killtaker" (Dischord LP)

SD:- I liked the LP when their singer
Ian McKay had spunk all over his face
on the front cover. BB:- That wasn't
men's cream it was frenzied saliva.

BH:- Ohh, they sound a lot more angry,
maybe someone stepped on the singer's
toe on his way into the studio.

BH:- A lot of raw power, not so
slippery and polished as previous stuff.

SD:- I'd take it more seriously if
they were dressed as court jesters.

BB:- Well, I was ready to lampoon it
but it's rather spanmy actually.

BAD, BAD LADS

MAGGOT SLAYER OVERDRIVE/CORPUS VILE
"Soggy" (MCR Split LP)

SD:- I like it a lot - It's like a
cross between Disorder and The Accused -
a half a pound of punk in a quarter pound
bag with some dashing swashbuckling guitar
bits. BH:- Filthy and furious - worth

at least 50P of anyone's money. BB:-
You'd expect them to be singing about
the evils of 20th Century living and
not Lamas, vinegar flies and "Jeeves
and Wooster". SD:- The other band
CORPUS VILE sound well manically Japanese
With some throat scarring vocals from
a boy/girl duo, larynx hell for all
concerned. BH:- How thrash should be
done without all the arsing around...
Ace tune at the end about getting
balloon drunk at a gig... Worth buying
for that alone.

RUPTURED
BUT ON TOP OF
THE WORLD
THANKS TO

CRUSTY
CIDER

SWING!
TO THE
LEFT!
SWING!
TO THE
RIGHT!
IF I THINK OF
BASEBALL
I'LL SWING
ALL NIGHT!

REEFER
MADNESS

EW! SOMEONE
PEED IN THE SINK AND
LEFT IT THERE!

TWO
ONE!
BUTTER
BUM!

We also are the U.K distributor
of LOOKOUT RECORDS
(Green Day, Operation Ivy,
Screaming Wadjet etc.)

finally we specialise in anarchist
literature and a wide range of
band t-shirt!

AURAL
RESPONSE

4 BRACKENDALE GROVE
HARPENDEN HERTS AL5 3EJ

ME TALK
SOFT: ME
TALK LOUD:
ME WRAP
SARNIES IN
TURKIN SHROUD!

DOLPHIN
STEAKS
SERVED IN
PAPER

RUN, RUN
AS FAST AS
YOU CAN! YOU
CAN'T CATCH
ME, I'M THE
GINGER
BREAD
MAN!



FAUCET "Redwood" (Imp 7")

SD:- Arf! The b-side is called
"Steel belted penis". BB:- Very
ponderous beginning - Why don't they
just get the fuck on with it! BH:-
The sort of thing they'd play on a
merry-go-round if there was one in
"Texas Chainstore Massacre". SD:-
Not an immediate grab-your-throat-
and-kiss-your-forehead thing, but still
I rate it better than fried rice.

CHORDS "Eat Your Heat Out" (Fuel 7")

SD:- No, not those crusty old mods.
BB:- "PIL"esque wacky guitars with
some Alex Harvey vocals. BH:- No, no,
no - I can't be having this, it's just
music to drown kittens to.

BASTARD
SON OF
LENNY
CRVICE!



BUT BY THE TIME SHAGG APPEARED IN NEW YORK
HARBOR, HE STILL COULD DO NOTHING BUT
WITNESS THE RESULTS OF HIS MAD RAMPAGE!

SLANT 6 "What Kind of Monster Are You?"
(Dischord 7")

BB:- Mmm...three lovely indie girls
in nylon car coats and very high fringes.

SD:- Scary stuff, pop power punk with
some magic Ramones dust sprinkled over
it... A summer song.

Is God A Conservative MP?

67 "Bright Black" (Southern 7")

BH:- Funkster indie sorta start, yes,
it's a peppered up Wedding Present.

SD:- Anymore of this and I'm going home.

BB:- zzzzz...oh...You've all done very
well.



OH MAN, WILL YOU
LOOK AT THIS! HER PERIOD
BLOOD STAIN HAS SOAKED CLEAR
THROUGH TO THE OTHER SIDE
OF THE MATTRESS!

PUMP UP THE
VOLUME!
PUMP UP THE
CUSHIONS!

FUZZGUN "Wear Me In" (PRE 7")

BH:- Cheap looking sleeve. BB:-

Minimalistic does not mean cheap.

SD:- Sounds like a Nirvana album track
with the corpse of Hendrix drafted onto

Raise aloft on shoulders and carry
round the football pitch twice -
PAIN TEENS, MAGGOT SLAYER OVER DRIVE/
CORPUS VILE, BABES IN TOYLAND.

Lock in a cupboard with a sexually
frustrated gibbon - PARALLEX, THE CHORDS,
and FUGAZI even though it was good.

Cut off your ears.

it and the singer sounds like he's
asleep. BH:- Kinda fun... Oh to
buggering hell with this, let's

take our clothes off and rut. BB & SD:-
OK!

"All the way on the first date"
**GOOD SEX for MUTANTS
DATING
SERVICE**

Application
\$5 PO Box 7742, Salt Lake City, UT 84107.

**HUSTLER
WINS AS THE
BEST STROKE
MAG FOR
THE MONEY!**

THE
PUSSIES ARE
AIRBRUSHED
A NICE SHADE
OF PINK!

THE BIGGEST
BANG FOR YOUR
BUCK!

SPRING
WATER
RETENTION
IS
GO!

HIDE HERE! WAIT!
SPRINKLE RICE KRISPIES
ON PATH TO SNAP-CRACKLE-
POP WARNING!

RICHARD
BRANSON
HORROR MASK

HOLY FUCKING
HOLY, MY SHIT
STINKS!

Spanking

SCUSE
ME
WHILE
I ADJUST
MY
FLY!

YES!

I OPPOSE INDIVIDUALITY.
BELIEVING IT LEADS TO ALL
HUMAN CONFLICTS.

SHINY AND SHAVEN

DRUG CULTURE

MAN, HOMEBOY BE
JAZZED TO BE
THINKIN' UP THIS SHIT!

AND
HOW!

QUITE
SO!

PUBLIC SERVICE!

HEY! Did anyone do **DRUGZ** and listen to the first
HENDRIX LP "Are You Experienced?"... Nah, me
neither. But **ANYWAY**, should you ever do so it may
or may not be brought to your attention that the lower
case e's on the cover (excepting any found in the
record company logo or any shit like that) have really

distinct and pronounced **INDIVIDUAL PERSONAL-
ITIES!** All ten of 'em! So for your personal
enhancement - as well as a firm commitment to our
editorial belief that one should know their e's lest they
know ye and find ye wanting - **BUGS & DRUGS**

Public Services presents that All-Star 'e' line-up: **THE
JIMI HENDRIX E - SPERIENCE!!!**

THE Jimi Hendrix Experience

1. THE 'C' OF THE BLANK GENERATION

2. 'E' OF CONFIDENCE.

3. 'E' OF CONCERN

4. THE BAFLED "E"

5. THE 'C' OF THE BLANK GENERATION

6. 'E' OF WONDERMENT.

7. 'E' OF ANXIETY

8. 'E' OF ANXIETY

9. 'E' OF SHEER PANIC

10. 'E' OF BELLIGERENCE

11. 'E' OF EVIL "e"

12. 'E' OF ANXIETY

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100. 'E' OF ANXIETY

Well there you have it folks! Look for the e-sperience
at civic and charity e-vents around your communiti-e,
and e-member, let an "e" be your umbrella!!!

Not necessarily stoned, but, umm.... hey, did I just
puke on myself?
Rev Norbert Ugly

MARCO MERRICK
TERRY LEE
LIBERALLY BUTTERED
AND TIED TO A

COOL SHIT THAT WE SELL!

BURNARAMA

Back issues!

NUDGE FOR FUDGE!

SPANKING NEW SHIRT!

B&D
The Creators of Skate Muties Bring You
BUGS AND DRUGS
E1.50
A VICIOUS PACK OF...FACTS!!

KA-BLOOEY!
DRINK YOUR SKIN
BACK
FRONT

BUGS AND DRUGS
BUY HARD OR I EAT A BABY BEE!

Hey doombrain! Don't despair, you may have only just got with the programme, but our back issues are now in reprint! Re-live the majesty of Issue One for just 75p with the "Cut-out-Crustie", funtime executions and many other split-crutch moments.

I GIVE THE DOG MY SOCIAL BONE!

A tasty torso treat especially for you, you naughty little squirrel! The design (as above) comes in white print on a black shirt and the long sleeved variety is a mere £8.00 while the short sleeved t-shirt is a sickening £5.50. Order now and save a big man from shaving! Printed on "XL Screen Stars".

MMM...INTERESTING!

LITTLE BOOK OF UNSOLVABLE PUZZLES FOR SPEED FREAKS
Watch 'em tripe every day, weeks, even MONTHS!
D68.....£1.99

B&D
A Zine of Solers, Streamers, Slakers & Blasphemers
BUGS AND DRUGS
E2.50
INTENSE PLUSHNESS!!

SKATE MUTIES FROM THE FIFTH DIMENSION
E1.50
SKATE BRATS MUST DIE!!!

don't live in a bughouse!

THORA-ZINE

Still around in some quantities is Issue Two, essential for part one of the "Character Assassination Trading Cards" set, and all other bits of jolly crud. Just 75p.... And thrusting forwards from the mists of time is our previous marvel of

WE'RE DOOMED

issue 3 out now
includes interviews with
the pharcyde · earth
gg allin · unsane · ed hall
black moon · the goats
cop shoot cop · x · helmet

fanzine engineering "SKATE MUTIES FROM THE FIFTH DIMENSION"... Much the same foolish cuntersting as "B&D" but cheaper and dumber at just 50p... Purchasing these products will not affect your ability to stamp on a toddler's hand.

AN AIRTIGHT ALIBI
Here's something you can really use. How many times has it come up that you need one of these? Well, here

CHAKA DEMUS + PILIERS L.P... IS MINE!!!

88 pages
full color cover
USA \$3 · WORLD \$5
thora-sample box 571562
hou., tx 77257
united amerika

PRODUCTS THAT MAKE YOU KILL PEOPLE!!

(Well, no, probably not... but whatever you do, just keep reading!)

ISSUE TWO SHIRT!

Our biggest seller yet! Front and rear print on a petrol blue "XL Screen Star" t-shirt, this fucker has a four colour print and should cost you £20.00... but the fools that we are we're knocking them out for just **£9.00!** Believe it citizen!

DISINTEGRATOR RAY BLASTER

A real killer! Reduce your friends to piles of smoldering ashes! Uses an obscure scientific principle for budget-rate wholesale slaughter and destruction! Some assembly required. **£12.95**
606358 Disintegrator

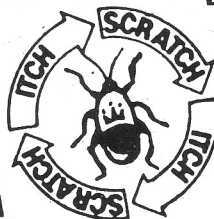
GNASH! AND NOW YOU MUST SING 'LONG HAIR'D LOVER FROM LIVERPOOL' FOR ME!

This is what happens when you order from us!

DRINK YOURSELF BETTER

FRONT

BACK



AN, EXCUSE ME, BUT THAT WAS MY IDEA!

APPROVED BY THE FORCES OF EVIL!



Martial Arts Patches 98¢



"Oh fuck"

I LIKE BUGS AND DRUGS MAGAZINE

B&D

DO I BUY ONE OF THESE OR STAPLE TOGETHER GRANDMA'S KNEES?!

- A. Black short sleeve with white print stinkingly cheap at **£5.50**.
- B. Top of the Range Rover long sleeve black shirt, white print, and it's **£8.00** if you please.
- C. As worn by God! A purple t-shirt with yellow 'n' black print. You know it makes sense at just **£8.25**.

These have to be had!... or die of shame, grief and foolish masturbation! You'll be looking good in one of these front and back print XL Screen Stars t-shirts. Here's your three different choices...

YOU TAKE ONE STEP CLOSER AND I'LL SLIT YOUR THROAT, YOU MANG-ENCRUSTED CAMEL-FUCKER.

PAYMENT & POSTAGE!

Free 1975 Catalog 1600 Novelties

T.T.T. BADGES!

BUGS AND DRUGS

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T-SHIRTS - 50p for postage and such.
FANZINES - A large SAE will do.
BADGES AND STICKERS - A small SAE is the one.

Badges, stickers and fanzines goes free of postal charges if you order with a t-shirt. All cheques and P/Ds made out to "C.WESTON" and not "Bugs & Drugs" or else you'll get smallpox... Notes and coins are OK but make sure you tape them down and conceal them.... Stuff is sent out within 15 days unless we're temporarily out of stock or we've been abducted by aliens and forced to make realistic Barbara Cartland sex dolls for the rest of our natural lives.

Mail Orders for All Items On This Page To:

OUR ADDRESS! B&D

P.O. BOX 960, BRISTOL BS99 5QU

THE WIDESPREAD

OK! NOW WE GET THE FUCK OUT! ISSUE FOUR OUT IN THE FIRST COUPLE WEEKS OF MARCH!!! IS TRUE! IS GOOD! IS STILL 75P

REFRESHINGLY ORIGINAL!

Screamer



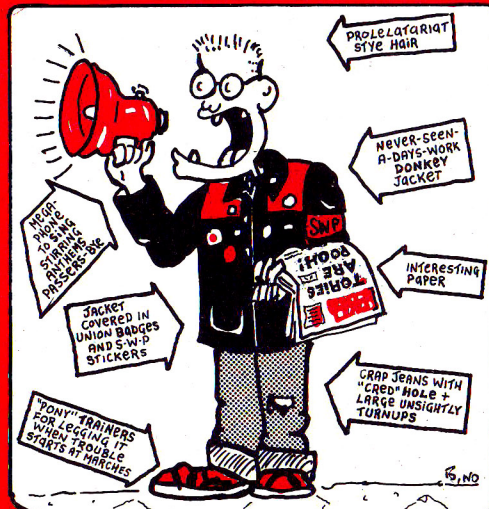
HE SAID YES

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LIVE BOOKINGS CONTACT: 103 CITY ROAD, ST PAULS, BRISTOL BS2 8UL

BUGS & DRUGS PRESENTS
CHARACTER ASSASSINATIONS

HEY KIDS!
LOOKING FOR SOME
STEREOTYPICAL LAFFS?
THEN CHECK OUT THESE
SPECIAL BUBBLEGUM
CARDS, YOURS FREE IN
EVERY ISSUE OF BUGS &
DRUGS MAGAZINE!!

BUGS & DRUGS PRESENTS
CHARACTER ASSASSINATIONS



SOCIALIST WORKER TYPE

BUGS & DRUGS PRESENTS
CHARACTER ASSASSINATIONS



DEATH METALLER

BUGS & DRUGS PRESENTS
CHARACTER ASSASSINATIONS



STREET PERFORMER

BUGS & DRUGS PRESENTS
CHARACTER ASSASSINATIONS



BUS STATION LOONY

BUGS & DRUGS PRESENTS
CHARACTER ASSASSINATIONS



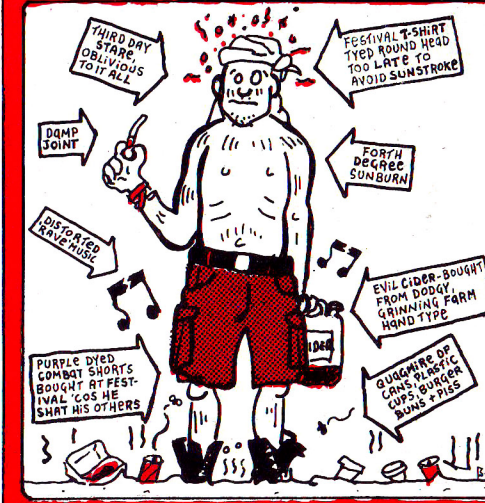
RIOT GIRL

BUGS & DRUGS PRESENTS
CHARACTER ASSASSINATIONS



SUEDE TYPE

BUGS & DRUGS PRESENTS
CHARACTER ASSASSINATIONS



FESTIVAL CASUALTY

74

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STREET PERFORMER

- ◆**HANGOUTS** - Narrow public footpaths, pedestrian subways and crowded shopping precincts.
- ◆**LIKES** - Cheap cloth juggling balls, rather amusing patchwork jester hats and policemen who don't move them on and are "quite nice deep down really"
- ◆**HATES** - "Businessmen who can't even spare a smile" The injustice that Paul Daniels does to the pagan entertaining arts, Lion Tamers and shoes.
- ◆**PROBABLE NAME** - Trish, Zowie (and a dog called 'Blim')
- ◆**SWORN ENEMY** - Crusties who "Can't get themselves together"

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DEATH METALLER

- ◆**HANGOUTS** - Outside gigs at 12.15 in the afternoon hoping to catch a glimpse of fave band arriving, or sitting on a 125cc trials bike at suburban "McDonald's Drive Through"
- ◆**LIKES** - Living in the West Midlands, leather jackets with tassels, being fat, the devil and pretending he's speeding.
- ◆**HATES** - Mum and Dad for not letting his band "Hellspants" rehearse in his bedroom and for making him go to church.
- ◆**PROBABLE NAME** - Slasher (Robin)
- ◆**SWORN ENEMY** - Born Again Christian (67)

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SOCIALIST WORKER TYPE

- ◆**HANGOUTS** - Found in large placard wielding crowd outside any worthy cause, event or gathering, trying to foist 'revolutionary' political opinions and crap newspapers on anyone who may pass by.
- ◆**LIKES** - To hijack the kids causes, shout loudly from the back of crowds at demonstrations and run a mile at the slightest hint of a riot van.
- ◆**HATES** - "Those sellout bastards in the Labour Party" People who get free lifts to a demonstration in London on the bus and then just go shopping.
- ◆**FAVOURITE SAYINGS** - "Maggie, Maggie, Maggie" .. etc
- ◆**PROBABLE NAME** - Malcolm or Justin

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| | 58 BUSKER | |

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FESTIVAL CASUALTY

- ◆**HANGOUTS** - 4.30 in the morning standing transfixed by a rotating kebab on the Disco Burger van, and actually enjoying the sub rave emitting from the vans shoddy P.A.
- ◆**LIKES** - Warm 'Norseman' lager at £2.10 a can, buying acid from track-suited thugs, paxo and sawdust veggie burgers and "getting naked in the mud round the overflowing portaloos."
- ◆**HATES** - Finding out on Monday morning that someone has nicked his tent and everything in it... and then having to hitch home naked caked in piss and mud
- ◆**FAVOURITE SAYINGS** - "Half-A-Mix" repeatedly shouted in Theatre Tent.
- ◆**MOMENT OF GLORY** - Sitting on the front of a crap "Circus Mutanto" vehicle and riding up and down the main drag.

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SUEDE TYPE

- ◆**HANGOUTS** - At the bar alone, leaning in an awkward, twisted stance, drinking tomato juice and smoking "More" menthol.
- ◆**LIKES** - Bands like Blur, Suede, Denim, Elastica because of their "very English attitude to music" and cos of their smart Bri-Nylon gear!
- ◆**HATES** - American Grunger types - Stone Temple Pilots, Spin Doctors and anyone with a goatee or check shirt.
- ◆**FAVOURITE SAYING** - "Better dead than plaid"
- ◆**ALSO LIKES** - Going out of his way to be the sort of kid who used to get his head repeatedly put down the school bog.
- ◆**SWORN ENEMY** - Seattle Rock Type (38)

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RIOT GIRL

- ◆**HANGOUTS** - Small downbeat pubs where 'the next big thing' are rumoured to be playing. Art house cinemas showing "Thelma & Louise"
- ◆**LIKES** - Frantically dancing at the front of a gig and punching any man in the throat who comes within a 5ft radius.
- ◆**HATES** - People who crimp their hair, the penis fixated music press, "L7" because they look and sound like "Bon Jovi"
- ◆**MOMENT OF GLORY** - Catching a chocolate bar thrown into the audience by the "Voodoo Queens"
- ◆**PROBABLE NAME** - Amelia
- ◆**SWORN ENEMY** - Death Metaller (38)

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BUS STATION LOONY

- ◆**HANGOUTS** - Loitering around cheesy 70's decor cafeterias named "Trams" of "Double Deckers" in large inner city Bus Stations.
- ◆**LIKES** - To sit opposite you in said cafeteria exhibiting "collection" of bus tickets, pigeon feathers and plasticine genitalia.
- ◆**HATES** - Absolutely nothing.
- ◆**FAVOURITE SAYINGS** - "If I hold my breath for more than 30 seconds I wet myself.... see?"
- ◆**PROBABLE NAME** - Ernest Thropnarr IV

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